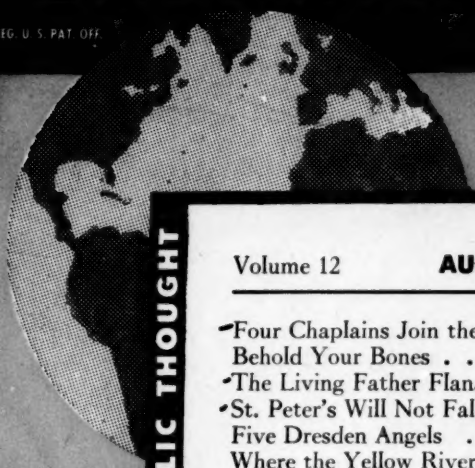
Catholic Digest



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THE GOLDEN THREAD OF CATHOLIC THOUGHT

Volume 12 **AUGUST, 1948** Number 10

But Mary, this truly blessed one, who inclined her ears to the word of God, and was filled by the action of the Holy Ghost, who, as soon as she heard the spiritual salutation of the Archangel, conceived the Son of God, and brought Him forth without any pain, and consecrated herself wholly to God: how should corruption attack that body, into which the Life was received? For her there was prepared a straight, smooth, and easy way to heaven. For if Christ, the Life and the Truth, says: Where I am, there shall also My servant be; how much more shall not His mother be with Him?

St. John Damascene in Matins of the Assumption.

THE CATHOLIC DIGEST

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VOL. 12 AUGUST, 1948 NO. 10

No greater love

Four Chaplains *Join the Immortals*

By JEANNE DIXON

THE S.S. *Dorchester* was a 5,250-ton Army transport. She left St. Johns, Newfoundland, for the Greenland run on Jan. 29, 1943. She was carrying about 1,000 tons of cargo in her holds. She had a crew of 130 men of the Merchant Marine, a naval gun crew of 23, and 751 passengers, most of whom were Army reinforcements for Greenland.

With her in the convoy were two merchant ships. She was protected by three Coast Guard cutters. The escort was known to be weak, but demands were so pressing in 1943, that nothing could be done about it.

The convoy met cold, dirty weather. Two of the cutters had difficulty keeping up even though speed had been cut to 11.5 knots. They had constantly to heave to and remove ice with live steam. Nearly everything, from depth charges to mouse traps, was sealed with ice, a condition that rendered the sound gear of little value.

On May 28 the Post Office issued a stamp commemorating the heroic act of the four Army chaplains who went down with the DORCHESTER. *After presenting the first sheets to near relatives President Truman remarked that no better sermon could be preached in words than the immortal chaplains had preached by their deaths. The Sermon on the Cross is better, of course, but this one must be said to be good.*

On Feb. 2 they were advised that a U-boat was near. The escort commander, Capt. Joseph Greenspun, informed the convoy, and the news was broadcast over the *Dorchester's* loudspeaker system. The single functioning cutter, upon this warning, made a sweep ten miles ahead and five miles on the flanks of the convoy at her best speed of 14.5 knots, and returned to her patrol area at dark, without having discovered the sub. The other two cutters could do no sweeping, because of their reduced speed. The convoy was sailing on evasive courses, but

not zigzagging. Half an hour after midnight the course was altered 36° to starboard.

Among the 751 passengers aboard the *Dorchester* were four Army chaplains, all first lieutenants, all Americans, all brave men. They were of different faiths; all friends.

That could never have happened on any ship in the world except on an American ship. It probably never did happen before, that four men could be friends in spite of their religious differences, could be on a ship going to war with men who were to fight, among other things, for the right of religious freedom, the right to respect liberty of conscience, and to form friendships like the four chaplains had.

The convoy had reached a point about 150 miles from Cape Farrell. It was moving at 10 knots.

One of the chaplains was George L. Fox. He had been in the 1st World War. He was then 17. It must be admitted he had lied about his age to get in. He was a first-aid man. He won a silver star by going out on a gassed battlefield without a gas mask to carry in a wounded officer. After that he won the *Croix de Guerre*. Marshal Foch had pinned it on him because he had continued to set up a hospital under an artillery barrage. A shell landed near him, fractured his spine. He was unconscious five days.

He was awarded the Distinguished Service Cross in the second war posthumously. It was given to his widow, Mrs. George Fox, of Chicopee, Mass.

After the first war he had become an accountant and then a Methodist minister. His little daughter had a letter from him before he sailed on the *Dorchester*. He had told her how happy he was because she had gotten good marks in school, but, "I want you always to remember," he had written, "that kindness and charity and courtesy are much more important than marks."

The temperature of the water through which the DORCHESTER *was sailing at 10 knots per hour was 34°. The wind was slightly less cold: 36°.*

The second chaplain was not a Christian. He was a Jew. His name was Alexander D. Goode. He had gone to Eastern High school in Washington, D. C., where he led his class, and won letters in track, tennis and swimming.

He was a man given to ceremony. He thought the U. S. a grand place to live in. The Unknown Soldier was returned and buried with great ceremony in Arlington cemetery. After it was over, Alex Goode made a little ceremony of his own. He made a pilgrimage to Arlington. You can ride out there on a bus for a dime. It is only 15 miles each way. Alex walked out there, and walked back home. That was his way of being grateful.

After he had become a rabbi, he drove 45 miles to Johns Hopkins university every day. He did that for three years to get a doctor's degree. While in college he did social work in the summer time. His ambition was to make himself as good an instrument of providence in helping his fellow

citizens as he was capable of. His Distinguished Service Cross was given to the girl he had married when she was 16. She now lives in Washington, D. C.

At 0355, on Feb. 3, 1943, U-456 approached the DORCHESTER *on her starboard side, taking full advantage of the blind spot caused by the lack of radar on the Coast Guard cutter* ESCANABA.

John P. Washington was brought up in Newark, N. J. His father and mother were immigrants from Ireland. They were very poor, and Johnny grew up in the working-class district on S. 12th St., with six brothers and sisters. He had a paper route which he worked while the other kids were going to the movies. Johnny didn't go to the movies because he gave all the money he earned to his mother, Mary. She needed it.

They say that Ireland isn't really a country, but only a seminary. Johnny never saw Ireland but he went to the seminary anyhow and became a good priest. He had the time of his life when he was assistant at St. Stephens in Arlington, N. J. He ran the baseball and basketball teams, gave Extreme Unction to the dying, absolution to the living, and had lots of fun. People remember him as always laughing. Maybe he didn't have a worry in the world.

Without warning the torpedo struck the DORCHESTER *a lethal blow amidships. Three minutes after the explosion the abandon-ship order was given. No radio distress signal was sent out, for all power was lost at once. In the confusion no one thought to send up a rocket or flares. Some passengers did not even hear the abandon-ship order because there was not enough steam left, after the explosion, to blow all six blasts of the signal.*

Clark V. Poling came from a long line of ministers. His father was a Baptist, his brother a Presbyterian, and he himself became a minister of the Dutch Reformed church. His father and mother received his Distinguished Service Cross. His father, Dr. Daniel A. Poling is still, as then, editor of the *Christian Herald.*

Clark didn't like war, but he didn't like tyranny either. They threw him out of Hope college because they disagreed about the way he edited the college paper. Clark left because he wouldn't agree to their disagreement.

He told his father he disliked war so much that he wouldn't even go as a chaplain.

"What's the matter, son, are you afraid?"

That was, for psychological reasons, the correct question to ask. His father went on to explain that the mortality rate of chaplains in the first war was

one out of 96, the highest of all services.

"If you become a chaplain," he said, "You'll have the best chance in the world of getting killed, but you won't be allowed to kill anyone else."

Clark Poling became a chaplain. His last letter to his wife had a complaint to register: he wasn't going to see action at the front; he was being shipped to a safe, lonely post.

The DORCHESTER *began to sink by the bow. In the midnight darkness and the absence of signals the rest of the convoy steamed on its course, unaware of the disaster.*

Both discipline and seamanship were wanting in the merchant crew. Only two of the 14 lifeboats were used to good advantage. Others were lowered but capsized from overloading, and fouling of the releasing gear. Rafts were cut away before the ship's headway stopped, and drifted far astern.

There was something like panic aboard. Men rushed on deck frantic with terror, afraid to remain but even more afraid to enter the bitterly cold water. On every transport one inflexible rule was that every man must wear his life jacket all the time, unless asleep, and then it was to be with him in the bunk. It was an order which required unceasing vigilance to enforce among hastily trained troops.

Sgt. Mike Bernstetter, Army medic, was asleep in the topmost of a triple-decker bunk. He had his life jacket with him. Just before he dozed off he had felt to make sure it was there. The explosion blasted him out of his bunk. In the darkness men fumbled for misplaced life jackets. The ammonia fumes from the broken refrigerator system were stifling. Mike tripped over a half dozen men as he rushed out of the choking air.

On deck everybody was crazy. Men fought for places in the lifeboats while the crew tried to lower them. Mike's boat hit the water. It was built to hold 50 men but at least 200 dropped into it from the nets. The bottom broke through. Mike grabbed the net and climbed back up on deck. There were some lights on deck now and Mike could see men beating each other for precious life jackets. Then Mike saw a man take off his life belt and fasten it around the waist of a crying kid. He knew him to be one of the chaplains. Then he saw him walk over to three other calm men, none of whom had life jackets. They linked arms.

Mike jumped over the side, now only a few feet from the water, and grabbed a plank. He was picked up at 10 o'clock the next morning. He lives in St. Paul, Minn., now.

John P. O'Brien, private first class, is still in the Army (serial number 32313934). He, too, was asleep when the torpedo struck. He heard two blasts of the siren, which he took to mean abandon ship. He proceeded to lifeboat No. 13 on the port side, to which he had been assigned. It was not there, so he went forward looking for another. Toward the bridge he saw the four chaplains. He saw Lieutenants Fox and Goode remove their own life preservers and give them to two sol-

diers. In the confusion, he did not notice whether the other chaplains had life belts on or not; but he saw them take extra ones from a rack and throw them to men in the water.

Then he dove into the water, made his way to a lifeboat, and succeeded in getting in. It capsized. He, too, returned to the *Dorchester* and remained there on the hurricane deck till the water was up to his knees. He saw the chaplains together on deck when he dove off the second time. He had swum 50 yards away before the ship went down.

Lieut. William H. Arpaia was in charge of the gun crew on the ship. When the torpedo struck he was off duty, lying in his bunk. As senior Navy officer aboard, he had to do one thing first: destroy the metal box on the bridge which contained his official confidential papers. They must not fall into enemy hands. He went from his bunk to the bridge, found the box, made sure the perforations in it would allow it to sink, tossed it overboard.

On the way to the bridge he passed a group of men. Their voices were low-pitched and calm, in contrast with the screams of the dying and the hysterical voices of those in fear of death. Just as he came to them he heard Father Washington say, "Here, soldier, take my life preserver. I won't be needing it." And then the voice of the rabbi, "We are not leaving." Arpaia continued on to the bridge.

One of the cutters escorted the two merchant ships to Skovfjord. The other two cutters made a fruitless sweep for the submarine, then returned to pick up survivors. Only men of high vitality were still alive, and they were so stiff from cold that they could not even grasp the cargo nets. Coast Guardsmen entered the water to tow life rafts to the cutters and help the survivors on board. Of the 904 aboard the *Dorchester* only 299 were saved, among whom were not the chaplains.

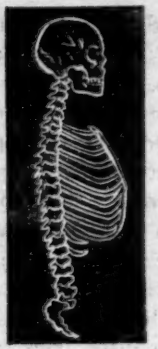
On the morning of Feb. 3, the seaplane tender *Sandpiper,* then completing a rescue mission in Arsuk fjord, Greenland, was ordered to the area of the sinking to recover survivors. But the fjord had frozen up and she was delayed until the ice could be broken. She arrived at the area on the morning of Feb. 4. Three vessels of the Greenland patrol were already there. The men aboard the *Sandpiper* and those aboard the patrol vessels saw hundreds of dead bodies in the water, kept afloat by life jackets. Others had gone down.

THE story was going around London last week: two Russians were discussing World War III. Said Ivan, "By 1952 we'll have the bomb and the first thing to do will be to knock out Britain. Five bombs in five stout suitcases should do the trick: one for Liverpool, one for Manchester, one for Birmingham, and two for London."

Said Boris, "That will do the trick all right, if only by 1952 we will be able to make five suitcases." *Time* (7 June '48).

If you'd avoid a bad break

Behold Your Bones



By
ELSIE McCORMICK

Condensed from
*Hygeia**

You have more than 200 bones, all told, ranging in size from the large femur, in the upper part of the leg, to the tiny stirrup bone, which lies in the depths of the middle ear. Excepting certain kinds of rock, they are perhaps the most durable objects on earth. Bones do not dissolve in water; if they did, they would soon be washed away by the body fluids. Hence they can far outlast iron and other metals affected by dampness.

Most persons wrongly think of their skeletons as dry and dead, like the specimens seen in medical schools. The bones have thousands of small blood vessels inside them, and are quite as much alive as one's stomach. Active little cells called osteoblasts work night and day creating new bone, while house-wrecking cells known as osteoclasts labor just as hard tearing down material tagged for the scrap heap. How worn-out bone could be dissolved in the body and carted off, in spite of its waterproof composition, long remained a mystery. Recently the British Medical Council reported that citric acid, found in the harder portions of the skeleton, does the work of dissolving the long-enduring calcium salts. Fortunately just enough acid is released to do the waste-disposal job without injuring the rest of the framework.

In addition, the red marrow acts as a blood-cell factory, and the bones themselves as calcium storage vaults. The skeleton, which consists of about 60% calcium, keeps a surplus on hand for the needs of the rest of the body. If the calcium supply for the blood, nerves and muscles is lower than normal, the body begins to withdraw some from the skeleton bank. Children on a poor, milkless diet have so much calcium taken away that their bones become soft and even crooked; and if you spend your days in an armchair, your system assumes that you have no need for strong bones, and proceeds to remove part of the precious minerals. People who fail to exercise are much more likely to suffer disabling fractures in their later years than the more athletic.

For some time medical science has known that growth takes place in sections of cartilage which lie between the middle of a bone and each of its ends. When these sections ossify, a person stops growing. The age at which hardening takes place is determined largely by the pituitary and sex glands, which in turn are influenced

**535 N. Dearborn St., Chicago, 10, Ill. May, 1948.*

by heredity, nutrition and sometimes by diseases and abnormalities.

If an attack of infantile paralysis or a poorly set fracture makes one leg short, the longer leg can be shortened to match it by cutting out a section of bone, or the shorter leg can be lengthened by sawing through the bone obliquely and drawing the two pieces apart until only the points are in contact. New cells will soon build out the narrowed area and make a normally thick bone. About three inches can be gained in this way. Partly thanks to such operations, partly because of better technique in treating fractures, severely lamed people are far less numerous than they were a few decades ago.

Formerly, children with bowed legs and beaded breastbones were common in the slum neighborhoods; today, in most parts of the country, it is difficult to show medical students what a bad case of rickets looks like. The Hospital for Special Surgery in New York, one of America's great orthopedic hospitals, hasn't had such a patient since 1934. This remarkable change has been the result of better diet, more vitamin D, and more exposure to sunlight.

Tuberculosis of the bones is also rarer than it used to be. Twenty-five years ago such cases accounted for about a quarter of an orthopedic surgeon's practice. Today the proportion of bone tuberculosis patients is far smaller, and there has been a steady decline in children's cases since 1925. Because tuberculosis of the bones in children is generally caused by infected milk, the decrease is due chiefly to cleaner dairy methods, more careful inspection of cattle, and more general use of pasteurization.

The most frequent site of bone tuberculosis is the spine. Unless checked, it so weakens the vertebrae that the result is a back hunched like a question mark. But Dr. Russell Hibbs and Dr. Fred Albee have invented operations for stiffening the spine. After the deformity caused by tuberculosis has been corrected as far as possible by jackets and braces, an operation may be performed to fuse the infected vertebrae and hold the backbone permanently in that position. "It's a good deal like fastening the spine to a stick," explains Dr. Armitage Whitman, one of New York's leading orthopedic surgeons. Often the resulting stiffness isn't even noticeable. Plenty of ex-patients are dancing, swimming, playing tennis and enjoying life as much as their flexible-spined friends.

One of medicine's spectacular victories has been over acute osteomyelitis, most of whose victims were boys between 5 and 15. Often the fuse that sets off osteomyelitis is an insignificant injury. A kick on the shin, a bump against a door, or a fall on a sidewalk can injure a bone slightly and give bacteria which were touring harmlessly through the system a hospitable stopping-off place. Later, greatly multiplied, they swarm out into the bloodstream. Only a few years ago, almost half the victims died, and those who survived often suffered years of illness

while the disease spread from bone to bone, calling for repeated operations to remove dead or infected pieces of skeleton.

Now most cases of acute osteomyelitis can be cleared up within a week or two. A 7-year-old patient, who not long ago would probably have been doomed to death or to years of invalidism, is back at school two weeks after the attack. The answer? Penicillin, which, when promptly used, cuts the death rate almost to the vanishing point.

When a broken bone pierces the skin, germs that can cause another form of osteomyelitis enter the skeleton directly from the outside. Since a high proportion of battle injuries involve compound fractures—in which an external wound leads to the fracture—such infections have been responsible for a large number of fatalities. In the early months of the 1st World War, a high proportion of compound fracture cases died. Later, this proportion was cut by the irrigation of wounds with the Dakin-Carrel solution, by removal of bone, or by incasing wounded limbs in plaster and leaving them untouched until the injury had a chance to heal itself.

Sometimes such measures worked and sometimes they didn't. When the 2nd World War broke out, Veterans' Administration hospitals were still caring for 1st-War men whose bone infections had refused to clear up. It was not unusual to find in the wards an osteomyelitis patient who had been operated on 30 or 40 times. Fortunately the story in the last war was quite different. Surgeons close behind the lines would clean a compound-fracture wound, treat it with a sulfa drug or penicillin, and close it immediately, with the result that few osteomyelitis infections got a foothold. When they did, the disease was often overcome in six or eight weeks.

Of course, this is more than a military victory. It means that if you should trip over the cat on the cellar stairs and suffer a compound fracture, you'd be reasonably sure of escaping a highly dangerous infection.

If, because of accident or disease, you should need extra bone in a hurry, your doctor might be able to draw some from a bone bank. Formerly in such cases the bone material was usually taken from the patient's own body. Sometimes robbing the leg bone left the limb so weak that it could be fractured easily. In the case of a child, taking enough bone from its tiny skeleton was often impossible.

The notion of a bank for storing fresh bone, and keeping it fresh, seems to have struck several doctors simultaneously. At the Hospital for Special Surgery in New York, the chief of surgery, Dr. Philip D. Wilson, conceived the idea of preserving bones much as eyes for corneal transplanting are preserved in the eye bank—by quick freezing. The hospital's skeleton repository opened for business early in 1946, about the same time that a similar quick-freeze bank was set up at the New York Orthopedic hospital under the direction of Dr. Alan De Forest

Smith. When healthy bone is removed, in such operations as making over a hip joint, it is at once refrigerated and stored.

During the past year, each of New York's bone banks was used successfully more than 100 times. A typical case was a girl of 22 who had been left by infantile paralysis with a severe curvature of the spine. As her legs were in plaster casts, there was no way of getting the large amount of bone needed from her own body. And she had no relatives to serve as donors. The bank, however, came to the rescue. Bone material from nine different people propped her spine so successfully that she now has a good job and —what is especially important to her —looks no different from the other young women in her office.

Not many years ago, elderly people who broke their hips generally went to bed and never got up again. Even after 16 weeks in a cast, the bone ends often failed to unite. In many cases, the long confinement produced a lung congestion that resulted in fatal pneumonia.

Now, cutting into the hip, the surgeon fastens the pieces together usually with a three-flanged vitallium nail. This means that the patient can sit up in a chair the next day. In a week or so he is going around on crutches, and in six months or less is usually walking as well as ever. One lady of 94 recently celebrated her recovery by taking part in a square dance.

If you want your skeleton intact, it is a good idea to keep your mind serene, because fractures and mental turmoil can be closely related. In a study of 1,500 cases made under the direction of Dr. Flanders Dunbar at New York's Columbia-Presbyterian Medical Center, it was found that about 80% of the fracture patients shattered their bones when they were worried or angry or faced with a difficult decision. Emotional tension can produce dangerous absent-mindedness, even a hidden desire to be hurt in order to make someone sorry or to avoid a threatening situation. One woman managed to trip on a living-room rug and break her leg just because her irascible mother-in-law was due to arrive for a three months' visit. A girl, about to be sent to boarding school because her mother was marrying again, shattered her knee in a wild game of football. "Mother can't possibly send me away now, when I may be crippled for life," the young patient exclaimed with relief. A man whose wife threatened to lock him out because he had lost his job, crossed the street against a red light in such a state of unseeing fury that he landed in the hospital with a fractured thighbone. Though some of the accidents might have happened anyway, the pattern of emotional upset, which covered four-fifths of the cases in a group of interviews, was far too prevalent to have been merely coincidental.

By watching your step at all times, but particularly when you are anxious or angry, you can help keep your faithful skeleton from something it doesn't deserve—a bad break.

One of his boys remembers

THE LIVING FATHER FLANAGAN

By WARREN J. ANDERSON

I HAVE traveled by train two or three times a year during the eight years that I have been away in school. But this train ride is different. Instead of returning from a vacation, I am returning from a sorrowful mission; Sam, Ray, Joe, Pete and Bob are with me. This is not a lonely trip, because my "brothers" and I have so much to talk about. We are "brothers" although four different racial origins are represented by the six of us. We are returning from Boys Town, where we have just buried our "Father."

The train is taking me speedily back East where I am studying for the priesthood. It is also taking Bob back East: he is studying commercial art. Ray is returning to his law studies at the University of Chicago, and Pete and Joe are hastening back to their families and their jobs.

There are enough of us to pass the time away by playing cards, but we are not in the mood. Neither do we feel like reading. We just want to talk.

I had not seen Ray since we left Boys Town eight years ago. He was my classmate, and it seems as if it were only yesterday that we shook hands and said "So long," not "Good-by." Ray went to Chicago U. When the war started, he enlisted in the Coast Guard and spent three years "over there." Now he is back at the university completing his education.

I had seen Pete and Joe several times. Frequently I would stop over at their comfortable little suburban homes near Chicago. It was always a joy to witness their wonderful home life, and to see their children enjoying advantages their fathers were denied. Both Pete and Joe are determined to give their children the best, not necessarily the best that money can buy but the best in love, kindness, character training, education, and all that it takes to make upright, honest, Christian men and women. This determination on the part of Pete and Joe can be understood when we remember that Pete's childhood was made miserable by divorce, and Joe's by a drunken, profligate father.

Sam will get off the train soon. He must make connections at Manilla, Iowa, for Dubuque. I don't know when Sam came to Boys Town: he was there when I arrived in '39, but I do remember when he left. Soon after graduation, he went to Father Flanagan's office, and said, "Father, I am going now. I don't know where, but I feel that I'm prepared to face the world. I've returned all my clothes to the clothing room. When I came to Boys Town I had only what was on my back, but I'm taking a lot more

away. I'm carrying with me an education, and love of God and my fellow man. Above all, I'm taking with me confidence in myself. I want to show you that I can start from scratch and make good. I won't let you down, Father."

Sam declined Father's offer of help in getting employment. He refused to accept transportation or anything at all. The last time I saw Sam he was standing out by the highway with a little bundle under his arm, a beseeching thumb stuck up in the air.

Sam kept his promise. He didn't let Father down. He is now general manager of a large grain company and owner of a prosperous farm. His attractive and talented wife is happy that Sam is a former citizen of the City of Little Men.

As for Bob—well, I see Bob often since he has been honorably discharged from the Navy. He lives in the city where my seminary (St. John's in Brighton, Mass.) is located. Sometimes I think it is a wonderful coincidence that Bob and I are so near each other now, because he has always been one of my closest friends, although he is a southerner by birth. (I am a Negro.)

Bob was mayor of Boys Town for three terms, and during two of those terms I served under him as commissioner, and as his secretary.

When I arrived at Boys Town on a warm July evening nine years ago, I, like many other "new" boys, was frightened. Boys Town was not as large as it is now. The boys slept in dormitories on the top floor of the old school building. I shall never forget the sight that met my eyes when I went around the corner of that building on the night of my arrival. About 200 boys of all races and creeds were kneeling in prayer on the pavement. "Our Father, who art in heaven"—the words were foreign to my ears.

I was taken immediately to the mayor, Bob. His friendly smile and warm handclasp reassured me. "I'll take you up to your bed—eh, what's your name?"

"Warren."

"My name is Bob, Warren, and I'm from Texas."

At the sound of "Texas" I trembled violently. Bob and I often laugh at that incident now. My fear and misapprehension didn't last long, thanks to "Texas Bob," the mayor. My second day at Boys Town I felt right at home. I was at home.

Bob became more than a friend. He taught me my prayers, and he was my godfather at Baptism. Yes, I'm happy that Bob lives near me now.

I could write volumes about Bob, Sam, Pete, Joe, Ray, and my other brothers. There is an interesting and beautiful story behind them all, but the superlative aspect of our lives at Boys Town is the bond of love that binds us, and the man responsible for that bond has gone where he will be able to help us all the more.

Father Flanagan had many admirable qualities and virtues, but the one that is most prominent in my memory is his kindness. His was the kindness

of a Christ-like nature, of unstinted love of his fellow man. All of us who found our way to Boys Town were craving kindness, a kind smile, deed, word. Many of us had reached a point where we thought there was no kindness left in the world. When we found it at Boys Town we reacted to it in various ways. Some of us responded immediately; others, slowly and skeptically. With the latter, Father was patient.

Father Flanagan has left behind him a living memorial. It is to be found in the hearts of thousands of his boys, white and black, Protestant, Catholic, and Jewish. I have no doubt that Father has now taken his place with St. John Bosco, St. Aloysius Gonzaga, St. John Berchmans, and other patron saints of youth.

The advice which Father gave our class at graduation eight years ago comes back to me. "Boys," he said, "you are going out into the world now. Here at Boys Town we have tried to instill into you the principles of Christianity and true democracy. When you leave, you will be on your own, but I want you to live by these principles."

And as I look into the eyes of Bob, Pete, Sam, Ray, and Joe, as the train speeds us on our way, I know that their hearts are saying what my heart is saying: "We'll carry on, Father; we'll carry on."

Communications

Bad

THE Sister sent a little note to the pastor, who read it and then said to the youngster who delivered it, "Just tell Sister, please, 'Note received and contents noted.' " When the pastor met the Sister later, she wore a puzzled look. "What message did you give that child?" she asked. The priest repeated it. "Oh," said the nun, "what he said was, 'Note received and Constantinople.' "

From *Along the Way* (N.C.W.C.) by Daniel A. Lord, S.J. (5 June '48).

❖

Good

I WAS familiar with the parochial grade school in a small Montana city, and knew it was like all the others across the country. I was greatly surprised, therefore, to see a group of 6th graders using the sign language.

"I didn't know deaf mutes attended this school," I remarked to a nun.

"Just one does," she smiled, "but our pastor feared he would be lonely and shy, so he had an instructor teach the entire class sign language."

E. F. Beaudette.

Fig plants notwithstanding

St. Peter's Will Not Fall

By
AUGUSTA L. FRANCIS

Condensed from the
*Catholic Fireside**

RECURRENTLY the rumor goes round that the dome of St. Peter's in Rome is in danger. It runs that cracks have appeared which can be seen even from the square far below with a good field glass; that it is out of balance; that the base is going to give way; that portions of the cornices inside St. Peter's are threatening to fall.

The truth is that the huge windows at the base of the dome, placed between the beautiful coupled columns, were thoroughly strengthened before the war, when steel frames replaced the wooden. The molding, decorated with classic garlands, the smaller windows on the slopes of the cupola, the smaller coupled columns of the "lantern" and the graceful candlesticks which surmount them are all in excellent condition, being thoroughly overhauled at intervals.

This year the dome celebrates its 400th birthday, having been begun in 1548. Its original designer, Michelangelo, did not live to see his architectural masterpiece completed, for he died in 1564, leaving Giacomo della Porta and Domenico Fontana to carry his magnificent plans to completion.

The first reasonable alarm for the safety of the dome was felt in 1747 under Pope Benedict XIV; cracks had really appeared in the piers and buttresses. The Pope thereupon decided to brace it with "chains" of heavy curved metal bars, each linking into the next so that a tight band would be drawn around the whole. This was done under direction of the famous architect Vanvitelli.

Between 1747 and 1928 all was quiet; the dome needs attention only about every 200 years. St. Peter's architect, the capable Beltrami, acting under orders from Pope Pius XI, conducted investigations, inserted "tell tales," small pieces of glass which crack easily if there should be any movement in the structure; and, acting on the information thus gained, proceeded to overhaul and reinforce the ribs of the cupola, equalizing thrust and counterthrust of the vast curves.

Some of the ancient blocks of travertine were replaced by new ones, and above all the cupola was cleared of its old enemies which, strange as it may

**27 Chancery Lane, London, W.C. 2, England. April 2, 1948.*

seem, constitute one of its real dangers, the ubiquitous plants of wild fig which sprout in surface irregularities where dust has lodged, and thrive mightily, pushing their fine strong roots deeper and deeper into cracks of their own making.

I questioned the architect responsible for the welfare of St. Peter's. He smiled reflectively and said, "I remember this same scare regarding the dome even in 1899, before the Holy Year of 1900. And now they are at it once more. Well, I shall look forward to hearing the same thing again in 1974. Shall we agree to meet on this spot? In the meantime, we are on guard over our treasure. All day and every day we are watching to see if anything is needed for St. Peter's. When we made those repairs in 1928 we gave the dome tonic injections, using 200 tons of cement and about a ton of bronze. Of course, a minor enemy of the stonework, besides the wild figs, is the frost. Water you know, settles in the cracks, freezes, and expands. But we are on the watch, as I said. Very much so."

Earthquakes which occasionally visit Rome and its surroundings have had very little effect on St. Peter's or the dome. During the last quake, in 1913, only the statues of the Apostles on the façade shook a little. The *sampietrini* (or "men of St. Peter's" who do the work in the basilica) claim that the Apostles do not mind earthquakes or thunder and lightning, but are very sensitive to cold winds, frost and rain.

As one *sampietrino* said, "They are old gentlemen and must be taken care of." So occasionally, some of them need special care; they are "put to bed" in a nice warm scaffolding and are massaged and rubbed down and made as good as new.

Happiness by Proxy

In the parish of West Baton Rouge, La., an engaged girl waited 10 years before getting married. She was waiting for a year of few marriages so that her dowry would be heavier. Her patience brought her $500.

Julien Poydras, who bequeathed the $30,000 perpetual dowry fund, came to Louisiana from France where, so the story goes, he had a sweetheart whom he idolized but whom he couldn't marry because she was too poor.

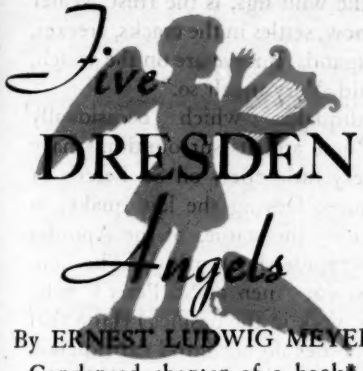
Starting out as a peddler with a pack on his back, he became one of the most influential men in Louisiana's history. He had a plantation with more than 3,000 slaves, represented Louisiana in Congress, and presided over the body of men who established Louisiana's constitution. True to his one love, he remained a bachelor to the day of his death at 80.

His statue stands in West Baton Rouge parish. Through the years, and to this very day, young couples of the parish, making a down payment on a home or purchasing some baby clothes, whisper the name of an unrequited lover who lived more than a century ago.

Harold Helfer.

Of hearts and broken wings

Five DRESDEN Angels



By ERNEST LUDWIG MEYER

Condensed chapter of a book*

MY FATHER'S career as newspaperman had taken him to numerous cities in several states. Mother had packed and unpacked the family furniture at least 100 times; even when we lived in a city for a spell of years, we rarely stayed for long in the same house or apartment.

The endless upheavals plus other worries left their mark on mother. When she was still in her 30's her hair was snow white, though never till she died did she lose the natural pink smoothness of her cheeks. Her own aging did not, I am convinced, disturb her nearly so much as the wear and tear on the household furnishings.

Five Dresden angels caused her the most anguish. They were so fragile; they were not made of the immortal stuff of angels at all. They were Dresden china, and each had a pair of golden wings. Each was no bigger than a man's thumb; yet they were exquisitely fashioned and tinted, and very industrious. One was playing a harp; the second, an instrument that looked like—though it couldn't be—a banjo; the third, with stylus in one hand and white tablet in the other, was inscribing something which one hoped, piously, would at the very least be the Ten Commandments. What the other two were doing I have totally forgotten, yet I am positive, knowing a little about Dresden though nothing about angels, that it was something entirely orthodox.

Casualties among the angels during our journeyings were terrifying. One lost a hand. Another the best part of a foot. Little chips were missing from the others' anatomies. Each maiming made mother sigh and shake her head mournfully. The set of little angels had been a wedding present, and she had discovered after quests in the stores of many cities that they were irreplaceable. Her greatest grief came on our last removal from Chicago to Milwaukee, for on unpacking our treasures in the new home mother discovered that one of the angels, the harp player, had lost an entire golden wing.

The five Dresden angels, chipped and maimed though they were, now occupied mother's perch of honor on the parlor mantelpiece. It was during this summer, the summer of odd events, that the "miracle" happened. It surely seemed no less than a miracle when one evening mother rubbed her eyes, looked carefully once more, and

*Bucket Boy. *1947. Hastings House, 67 W. 44th St., New York City, 18. 236 pp. $3.*

discovered that the missing bits of the angels' anatomies, including the golden wing, had been restored.

I recall that on the afternoon of that day there had been no portents at all of the wonder to come, though there were, to be sure, indications of a delightful evening. Early that afternoon I heard mother answer the telephone, and when she had hung up she called me and said, "Go into the cellar, please, Ernest, and find a sack. Then go to Steinmeyer's and see if you can buy some red cabbage. I need at least three firm heads. If Steinmeyer's have no red cabbage, then go to all the large stores on State and Chestnut streets until you have your three heads."

"Three heads of cabbage is an awful lot," I said.

"*Herr* Von Pagel is coming," mother replied simply. "He is bringing everything else, but he was unable to find red cabbage because it is too early in the season, though I have seen some here and there. And that, as you know, is his *Leibgericht.*"

Fritz Von Pagel and his favorite dish! What a feast there would be tonight. The thought lent agility to my feet, and I dashed for the sack, thinking of that great and mysterious man. He was enormous, with a bulging middle and long legs, a big-domed, shaven head and keen eyes behind glasses. He lived many years ago in Germany and while still a student he and his three brothers inherited a great landed estate. What luxury after stern discipline! The four brothers lived like feudal barons. Money flowed like sand through their fingers. Soon they had spent everything, down to the last copper. They sold what remained of their property and sailed to America.

Fritz Von Pagel was up and down. He was a speculator, a promoter of great real-estate enterprises. Sometimes they failed, and it was during one of his lean seasons that he boarded with us and fell in love with mother's cooking. Sometimes his speculations succeeded, and he lived flashily in the fine hotels. At the moment, Fritz Von Pagel must be up high. His visit tonight implied affluence, for he never came to us without hampers bulging with good things.

So I found my sack in the cellar and joyfully took the trolley to Steinmeyer's. But they had no red cabbage. I went to Schultz's on State St. Schultz had one precious head, and he took a personal interest in my quest when I sketched for him briefly the shocking plight of a millionaire without enough cabbage to eat.

"Three heads? Hm! Well, I'll give you this one, and I'll call up Braun and Zwilling. You just wait a minute."

He came back from the phone triumphantly. Braun had a head of red cabbage and Zwilling had one, and he had commandeered the lot in my name. I thanked him and dashed away and got the cabbages.

When I reached home, there was *Herr* Von Pagel. He had just driven up in a taxicab, and mother was helping him unload a heap of things. I took the cabbage into the kitchen, came back, shook hands happily with

Herr Von Pagel, and helped disgorge wealth from the cab. A huge baked ham from Dernehl's ovens. A great frosted *Torte* and a box of marzipan cookies from Martini's. Cans of caviar, sardellen, and smoked goosebreast. A Liederkranz cheese, a wedge of rocquefort, and a round brown crock of *Handkäse*. A hamper of assorted fruits. A bottle of Hennessey and a gallon of old port. A couple of huge Jaeger pumpernickels. A box of cigars.

Enough for an army, I thought. But mother knew better. *Herr* Von Pagel used to board with us.

"And the *Rotkraut?*" asked Fritz Von Pagel anxiously when we had carried everything into the house at last.

"I got it downtown," I said proudly. "Three heads. I went to three stores, for it is not in season."

Herr Von Pagel beamed at me, rubbing his hands. His shaved head, set atop great shoulders and prosperous paunch, looked like an egg balanced on a pumpkin.

"Famos!" he said. "You have done well. I have just come from a long trip out West and for months I have dreamed of your mother's red cabbage, which melts in one's mouth. So, then, here is something for you."

He fished into his coat pocket and handed me a package. There was a belt in it, made from a rattlesnake's skin. I thanked him and dashed out to show it to Willie Eckhardt, who had nothing half so astonishing.

When father returned from his desk at the *Germania* office, he came stamping in from the porch in pretended fury and said loudly to mother, "Anna, this is really too much. These things cannot go on. Even in the street I could smell through the open kitchen door such a symphony of fragrance, including *Rotkraut,* that presently you will have the whole neighborhood besieging us with their tongues out. And all the dogs in the world, too!"

"One of the dogs is already here, Georg," said *Herr* Von Pagel, rising from his chair in the corner; "though he has the appetite of a horse."

"Ach, Fritz! This is splendid. What a surprise," said my father, shaking his hand. And he added shrewdly, "Something tells me, Anna, that with our cabbage tonight we shall have a tiny morsel of meat, perhaps."

"A whole ham," my mother said. *"Herr* Von Pagel came loaded down like Santa Claus with a mountain of gifts. And I have asked Dolfee to come downstairs and share supper with us." Dolfee was police reporter on the *Germania.*

The supper lasted all evening, more than four hours. Now and then there was a pause for a breather, and father said, *"Das Leben ist kein Eilzug*—life is no express train. We have the whole night before us. And another pot of *Rotkraut."*

"The *aperitif* thus far has been most encouraging," said *Herr* Von Pagel, who had just stowed away his third helping.

I did not, of course, keep count, yet I am certain that Dolfee and Von Pagel had each consumed at least three

pounds of ham and half a peck of cabbage. Father, never a great eater, ran third, and we children kept a big place open for the *Torte* and marzipan cookies. At the very end, mother brought pots of coffee and the assorted cheeses and pumpernickel.

Then Fritz Von Pagel leaned back, lighted a cigar, and said, "When such meals are no more, men will be no more. What milksops our modern men are already becoming. Who were among the greatest trenchermen? The Vikings—hearty, earnest eaters, not so corrupt and decadent as the Romans. Ah, when I read of their feats at table, my eyes go dim with sadness and my mouth puckers with desire. America is becoming a race of beanpoles. Look, I have seen with my own eyes what is happening. In the big cities they are starting something new —cafeterias they call them. You run in line like a machine and pluck up food from the counters and shelves. And, *Donnerwetter,* what food! Colored salads, a little leaf of lettuce with maybe a spoonful of potato salad on it. Or 18 peas. A real man can eat half a head of lettuce just as an appetizer, a mere mouthful. On 18 peas you cannot raise a race of rabbits, and even a rabbit eats slowly, as befits one. These Americans with their cafeterias, their haste, their pitiful nibblings, their hollow cheeks and skinny ribs. It may very well be fatal, I assure you."

He stared moodily into his wine glass, then brightened.

"Well, let us drink a toast to cabbages—and kings. Kings of the kitchen. And to our hostess, the queen."

The men clinked glasses. Mother joined the toast, blushing, then began to clear away the debris from the big table. She gathered the empty dishes. A little mournfully, I thought. Perhaps she had had a wild hope that there would be a little warmed-over cabbage for tomorrow's lunch.

Later, when mother had rejoined us, Fritz Von Pagel interrupted some casual chatter to remark, "I remembered your little set of five Dresden angels, *Frau* Meyer. Not sauce-makers, no, but clever little things for all that. I recalled, from the time I boarded with you years ago, how you cherished those figurines. So tonight I prowled in your parlor, and sure enough there they were on the mantelpiece. It was really like meeting some old friends. And what pleased me was that after all these years they are in such excellent health, so wonderfully preserved. But, then, to be sure, angels are indestructible."

Mother shook her head.

"There you are wrong, *Herr* Von Pagel. If you had looked closely you would have seen they were badly chipped, with pieces missing. It was only a short time ago that the harp player lost a wing."

Fritz Von Pagel opened his eyes wide and said, "But *lieber Himmel, Frau* Meyer, I did examine them closely. And I assure you, you must be suffering from a queer delusion. There was no wing missing. Of that I am positive."

"In another moment you will have

me believing that I am totally blind," mother said. "I will fetch the harp player just to show you."

She got up and went into the parlor. There was a silence, then something like a little scream, and presently mother stood in the doorway, the harpist in her hand and her face bewildered.

"It is true what you say," she said in a whisper. "The wing is there. And the missing parts of the others, too—the foot, the hand. All the little chips vanished. I cannot . . . ."

Mother walked slowly over to the table and sat down. She set the tiny harpist in front of her, and the new wing gleamed bravely under the light from the chandelier.

"No. It was no miracle. Such things do not happen," mother said, looking fixedly at the angel. "It was a little trick played by one of you here tonight, for I dusted the angels only this afternoon, and they were my old damaged set. Oh, I know very well that the one who played this trick meant it kindly, and I should be grateful. Yet I beg whoever it was, please, please give me back my old set of angels."

"But this is fantastic," my father cried. "I know that for many years you have searched in vain for just such another set, and now you . . . ."

"I agree. There is no logic at all in it," mother nodded. "But there is something besides logic, Georg. It is hard to explain. I brought the five Dresden angels with me from Germany. They were a wedding gift from a dear sister. Yet they were more than a gift. They came to be a sort of day book, a journal of our many queer adventures in the New World. Oh, this all sounds very foolish."

"Please go on," said Fritz Von Pagel gently.

"Well, then, it is like this. When I look at the angels, many things come back to me, good and bad. Do you remember, Georg, when the little cherub with the writing tablet lost his foot? Yes, I thought you had forgotten. That was almost 15 years ago; Ernest was still a baby. That dreadful, hard year in Chicago. You had been out of work for months, and now it was April, and your birthday, Georg, and nothing in the house. So I took one of my finest tablecloths, of pure linen, and went out and sold it. It would never be missed, I knew, for you never notice such things.

"There was enough money for a decent noon meal and a small bottle of cheap wine and two cigars, my birthday gifts to you. And we tried to be festive. I will say you tried very hard, Georg. But in the afternoon when I was cleaning house and you were just sitting there, waiting, waiting, I felt a great fear. How many tablecloths were there to sell? How many pieces of silverware? And the simple jewels that my mother left me? If they all went—well, what would follow later? So I thought as I went stupidly, blindly about my work. And it was then—oh, you must remember, Georg—that the doorbell rang, and there was the boy with the telegram.

"You took it and quickly opened it,

and you cried loudly and happily, 'Anna, wonderful news! That position as editor in Dubuque is mine. And they are wiring money immediately for all our moving expenses. Anna, think of it!' And I stood there so weak with sudden joy that I dropped the little angel I was just dusting. The angel with the writing tablet. And its left foot came off, and in all the excitement I stupidly stepped on the fragment and crushed it, and it could never be pasted back. That is how it was, Georg. And ever after when I looked at the angel, even in the bad days, I felt cheered, for the memory of that happy moment came back. 'Well, little angel,' I said to myself, 'it is sad that you lost a foot—but how much sadder if we had lost heart.'"

Mother stopped, never raising her eyes. She had spoken as if she were in a trance, and I looked at her in astonishment because never before in my whole life had I known her to make so long a speech. This time it was my father who said, reaching out to pat her hand, "Go on, Anna."

"There is really nothing more, Georg. The memories are not all so happy. There was a day when I dropped another angel and a hand came off. That was in Denver, and I was really not to blame, for I worked in a kind of mist. It was the time our baby Meta died. No, Georg, that is not a happy memory, and I do not dwell on it, but there are others, so many others. Good and bad, because that is the way it has been with us. All that I want you to understand is my silly feeling about those old Dresden angels. They have been so tied up with our lives, so much a member of the family, you might say, that it is like losing a living part of oneself. *Schon gut.* Now call me a silly old woman."

Fritz Von Pagel blew his nose. It sounded like a trumpet blast.

"*Frau* Meyer," he rumbled after clearing his throat, "I confess it was I who played the trick, but my intentions were kind. It was last year, on a business trip to Germany, that I chanced to be in Dresden. And it was there, in a very old shop where I had gone to pick up some trifles for my wife, that I saw in a dusty corner the exact duplicate of your set of angels. And I thought to myself: this is splendid. These are the figurines that *Frau* Meyer had in Milwaukee when I boarded there, the very ones that were so chipped and broken. Some day, I know, I shall return there, and I shall perform a miracle. And I bought them. Ah, what a sad miracle this was tonight; but I did not know. *Gott sei Dank,* I have preserved the old ones."

He reached into his coat pocket and carefully extracted a handkerchief. In it were the chipped, footless, handless, wingless five Dresden angels, and he placed them with infinite care on the tablecloth.

We made a big ceremony of restoring the angels to their perch. Mother placed the five old angels in a circle on the mantelpiece. And around them, in a larger circle, she placed the five new angels. The new, shining, and strong, guarding the old, weary, and battered.

Shen Fu stayed on

Where the Yellow River Runs Red

By MARIO DI CESARE, S.V.D.

BEAT it to Ishui while your head is still on your shoulders! Another day's delay, and . . . ."

The missioner smiled as his Regional, Father Albert, S.V.D., began to threaten him, and now one of those irrepressible chuckles that always break loose in trying circumstances came out. He could not help it. Father Albert looked so comical when worried.

"Pax, Father! I have sent everything worth while to the main station. If anybody gets hurt, it'll be me, and I can take care of myself."

The poor Regional nervously wiped his ruddy face, mumbled something in his neat white beard about madness, then looked this towering soldier of Christ square in the eye.

"You are being hard to handle, but I admire you for it."

He hopped onto his bike and looked the missioner over with as sad a look of concern as any father would. "But for heaven's sake, be careful!"

August Haettig, S.V.D., stood in the dusty road, waving his hat. "Good old Father Albert. Always worried, about other people. But there's no danger. And if trouble does come—" the 46-year-old ex-soldier shrugged his overworked shoulders, "well, let it come."

The days tumbled along in sunny peacefulness. The little but thoroughly Catholic village of Ishui-Niusinkuanchwang, nestling snugly in the mountains of Kaomi, continued to flourish. Its peasants kept right on working and chattering, its little tots reciting lessons and playing.

Early on Sunday, June 21, 1942, Father Haettig's curate left to attend a meeting of nine missionaries who were making final arrangements for a grand-scale Eucharistic procession the following Thursday. Father Haettig worked hard all day in his little mission, preparing church, village, and people. When night came, he was still at it in his study.

Yang, the priest's servant, knocked. A tired voice beckoned him in. *"Shen Fu,* some soldiers are downstairs; they want you."

The priest looked up, a bit startled. "Soldiers? Me? What did I do?"

Something jumped in his stomach as he followed Yang down the hall. He knew right well what he did. He was a Catholic priest, and some people have a terrible distaste for priests. He gripped the bannister tightly. But they couldn't be communists! Vainly

he tried to unconvince himself, for communists meant a big pain in the neck at such an hour.

He swung into the small closet he called his reception room, and almost ran into a little fellow with a familiar chubby face. The priest heaved an inner sigh of relief. It was the mayor, and behind him were eight youthful happy-go-lucky Chinese soldiers.

"*Shen Fu,* the Chinese army is breaking camp. Would you allow some soldiers to sleep in the school for a few hours?"

After such a scare, he would have given his own bed had the mayor asked. Still eyeing the youths, he hardly noticed when the mayor bowed graciously and slipped out. One stocky fellow with a whistle for a voice piped up, "Would Father show us the school where we are going to sleep?"

He led the way to the little brick building. He was still somewhat uneasy about these fellows, but whatever fears he had, the jovial soldiers soon brushed them away by their buoyancy. They followed him back into the rectory. While Yang prepared tea, Father talked with a small wiry fellow, the apparent leader of the group.

"You say you are heading south?"

"Yes. Our general has called for our forces some miles due south. He also said he would be highly honored by your presence."

Father was about to answer, when the lieutenant picked up some small flashlight batteries. "Father must have a short-wave set?"

The missionary laughed. "No, they are new flashlight batteries from Tsingtao."

The lieutenant looked unconvinced. "Father also has a gun? Many guns?"

He started to explain that the only gun he ever had was the one he had borrowed from the regional house at Tsingtao. But he broke off. The room started to get chilly; the smiles vanished. He turned away.

"Father will come to see the general, tonight?"

"No time." His answer was curt. He felt a prod in the ribs, wheeled, and found himself staring into the cold barrel of a Mauser automatic.

The lieutenant's teeth sparkled and his eyes gleamed maliciously. "Father will come, tonight!"

The cold air felt like ice against the fevered brow of the priest. "To their general? No general wants me at this hour. I shall end as the others."

Often he had meditated on the privilege of entering eternity with palm in hand. Were these silent men going to offer him the opportunity? He was ready. Only one worry gnawed at his soul. He could not, for all he tried, shake it off. His Christians, his people, what about them? Would these animals barge into his garden, uproot his flowers, dig up the seed he had sown so carefully? Their safety had been the magnet which had kept him there despite the communistic perils. He wanted to be with his people, a prop to the weak, a support to the wavering, guide to the strong. That was why the communists were there.

Just outside the town, the group

stopped. The lieutenant turned with a devilish leer in his eyes. A bony finger pointed at a deep narrow hole gaping in the middle of the road.

"There!"

"I thought your general—."

"There!"

The soldiers shoved. Now or never. Quick as lightning, the priest swung around and sent the nearest soldiers sprawling. The others were dumbfounded. One grabbed for his gun, but the priest knocked it from his hands. Another jumped on him, gripped him in a half nelson, and almost pushed him into the hole. His foot slipped, and the dirt began to give way around the edges. A strong forward plunge, a good thrust, and his assailant landed flat on the ground. Suddenly, in front of him loomed the lieutenant, leveling his gun. But before he could squeeze the trigger, both priest and lieutenant were rolling in the grass. Another soldier leaped on, adding two more kicking feet to the scuffle. The priest pushed them both off, started a dash—a shot rang out. Then two more. He staggered, stumbled, and fell to the ground in a lump. An ugly red blot spread on his white tattered shirt.

The priest opened agonized eyes, saw leering soldiers hovering above him in a circle. They laughed mockingly.

"Then," he gasped, and every syllable shot arrows of pain through his writhing body, "you do not . . . believe . . . in an . . . almighty God?" The lieutenant sneered, shoved his automatic against the priest's temples, and jerked back the trigger once, twice. The twitching form quieted. With another sneer, the lieutenant kicked him savagely into the hole.

The soldiers looked at each other in satisfaction, then without a word ran down the road, hopped a truck, and rumbled away.

Yang, who had seen it all at close range, finally gulping down his terror, stepped forward and peered into the hole. A ghastly line of blood showed against the side of the priest's face. His heart pulsing wildly, Yang ran to the village. But the Christians, awakened by the shots, were already in the streets.

It was a sorrowful little party that escorted their pastor-victim to Chuechow some days later. They buried him in the field of a Christian, lest the communists should try to further mutilate his body. The five bullets, the blood-soaked shirt, the buttons ripped from it, the dirt hallowed by crimson drops—Father Albert calls them his relics.

Had Yang not witnessed the tragedy, this story might never have been told; it might have been just another drop into the Yellow river that runs red. But remember, where China is red, it is red with the blood of martyrs!

SPEAK well of your enemies—you made them.

Construction Digest quoted in *Quote* (May 30-June 5, '48).

Listen to the story of two brave engineers

The Andrews Raid: *War by Rail*

By ROBERT C. MacKENZIE

Condensed from the *San Francisco Quarterly**

APRIL 12, 1862, dawned, bleak and rainy, over the Georgia hills lying eastward of Marietta. It was at dawn that the first strangers came out of the hotel in which they had passed the night.

They were a quiet, uncommunicative lot. They professed themselves to be Southern-sympathizing Kentuckians who had come down to enlist in the forces of the Confederacy. Aside from their presence in Marietta, 200 miles from the battle lines, there was little about the strangers to excite suspicion. Only passing notice was taken of them as, singly and in scattered pairs, they made their way along the planked walks toward the railroad station. Arriving there, they mingled with the people on the platform or moved into the waiting room. Casually, one by one, they stepped up to the ticket window and made their purchases: Dalton, Rome, Resaca, Chattanooga.

Meanwhile, the early mail train, northbound from Atlanta, had arrived. Its locomotive, the name *General* lettered in gilt upon its cab, was sending impatient bursts of vapor into the morning mists. Urged on by the conductor's "All aboard!" the last of the ticket purchasers hurried to the cars. Soon the station faded into the distance.

The Marietta stop had been a mere pause, but at Big Shanty there would be a longer layover, for breakfast for crew and passengers. In anticipation, the engineer's hand rode restlessly on the throttle. The eight miles between stations passed swiftly. At Big Shanty, beside the track, rambling sheds and platforms stood out darkly from the tents of troops encamped near by. The *General* eased the cars to a halt. Hungry men, intent on breakfast, made for the waiting tables. Soon the steaming coffeepots were being passed.

Most of the men at the tables were too intent upon their corn mush and toast to notice the sounds which star-

**University of San Francisco, San Francisco, 17, Calif. Pre-Summer, 1948.*

tled two of their number. William A. Fuller, the train conductor, and Anthony Murphy, foreman of the Atlanta Railway machine shops, had detected the sound of a locomotive, *theirs,* getting hurriedly under way. Even while they listened in amazed disbelief, the unmistakable coughing of the *General's* stack became deeper and more rapid. There was a scattered rush for the door as crew and passengers followed Fuller and Murphy. Down the rails northward to Kingston and Chattanooga sped the *General,* its tender, and the three boxcars which had served as baggage coaches. The remainder of the train, from which the fleeing portion had been uncoupled, stood close at hand.

"Stop them! Stop them!" Fuller shouted to the bewildered sentry at the end of the platform. But it was too late. Already, the stolen train was out of rifle range.

Thus began the Andrews raid, the locomotive chase through northwest Georgia, one of the most spectacular occurrences of the Civil War. The raid failed to accomplish its purpose, and thus little importance has been attached to it. Had it succeeded, territory won for the Union at great cost in the bloody campaigns of the following year might have been won earlier, with fewer casualties.

At the outset of the conflict, the great burden of rail transport between the Confederate East and West devolved upon two main routes, each of which was inadequate to meet demands. The most northerly of the arteries ran from Richmond, through Knoxville, Chattanooga, and Corinth, to Memphis on the Mississippi; the other from Charleston, with the Savannah line intersecting in east Georgia, to Atlanta, thence to Montgomery, Ala. Here occurred a gap in the rail line, the stretch between Montgomery and Selma, where prewar traffic had been carried on the Alabama river. Despite the war, the Confederacy built a line of track to close the gap. Against this new line, with the objective of putting it temporarily out of operation, the Union raiders directed their efforts. Had the raid succeeded, Chattanooga, focus of lateral communications, control point for Confederate operations along interior lines, would have been defenseless.

The raid, basically a bridge-burning expedition, was planned when the more northerly Confederate defenses in the West were crumbling under the blows of Grant, Pope, and Buell. Union General Mitchell was within easy striking distance of Chattanooga. Capt. James J. Andrews, a Union spy who had made several trips within the Confederate lines, had conceived the idea. His program combined elements of boldness and simplicity. It contemplated the penetration of enemy territory by the disguised raiders, their seizure of a northbound train, the cutting of telegraphic communications to prevent the alarm being sent ahead, burning of key bridges as the raiders passed, then the final dash to safety in Chattanooga—by that time in Union-held territory. The operation was

scheduled for April 11, the day on which Mitchell was to move eastward toward Chattanooga.

The expedition was a matter of strict secrecy. No call was issued for volunteers. Instead, the raiders were quietly chosen from the companies of the three Ohio regiments of Gen. J. W. Sill's brigade. The men were informed only that they were needed for a secret, extremely dangerous undertaking. None declined then, nor did any later show a disposition to withdraw. They were given civilian clothing, and were armed only with revolvers. In the group were two locomotive engineers, Wilson W. Brown, Company F, and William Knight, Company E, both of the 21st Ohio.

At dusk April 7, on the roadside east of Shelbyville, Andrews gave the men their instructions. Then, separating into threes and fours as directed, the raiders traveled eastward into the mountains, then southward. After working their separate ways well into Confederate territory, the different groups boarded the southbound trains at scattered points along the line and rode to the rendezvous with Andrews in Marietta.

The raid had been scheduled for the 11th, but on the southward journey, Andrews had noted the muddy roads and swollen streams resulting from three successive days of rain. Reasoning that Mitchell undoubtedly was being delayed, Andrews determined to postpone the raid for 24 hours.

Thus April 11, a clear and fair day, passed without event, and the effort was launched instead on the rainy April 12. So it came to pass that on the latter day, Andrews and his 20 disguised companions spirited the *General* and three cars from the midst of the Confederate camp about Big Shanty station, thereby precipitating one of the most remarkable chases to be recorded in the annals of modern military and railroad experience.

The raiders, hurled about in cab and boxcar by the abruptness of the leaping, full-throttled start, knew the first great obstacle had been overcome. Then, as their elation subsided, came concern with difficulties ahead. The oncoming traffic, they had learned, was greater than had been anticipated in the original plan. From a timetable which Andrews had obtained that morning, it was ascertained that two southbound trains, in addition to an unscheduled local freight, were soon to be met. In view of this situation, Andrews decided to run according to the schedule of the stolen train until after the oncoming traffic had been passed. Then would come the dash northward, to be interrupted only by pauses for the destruction of the Oostenaula and Chickamauga bridges, and for the wire cutting and rail pulling necessary to thwart pursuit or interception.

From Big Shanty the raiders steamed toward Kingston, stopping at various points to cut the telegraph, to take on wood and water, and load ties for use in bridge burning. Just before reaching the Etowah river, the *Gen-*

eral was halted and one of the rails over which the train had just passed was torn from the roadbed, although, through defect of planning, they lacked adequate tools. A few minutes later, while passing the Etowah station, they noted the *Yonah*, an old locomotive owned by an iron company, standing with steam up on a siding near the mines. It would have been but the work of a moment to seize and derail it, but the thought was vetoed lest the act alarm the countryside before the oncoming freight could be passed.

Meanwhile, back at Big Shanty, Fuller and Murphy, finding the wires dead, had started out on foot in pursuit of the raiders. Some distance down the track, they commandeered a handcar and its crew. Straining, the southerners pumped madly along the level stretches and raced downhill at breakneck pace toward Etowah. Just before reaching that station, they ran upon the place where the raiders had torn up the rail. The handcar overturned, hurling its riders down the embankment. Hastily the car was lifted back onto the track, the chase resumed. The chance of overhauling the northerners was remote at this point. Beyond the Etowah bridge was the long uphill pull to Kingston, more than 12 miles of slow, hard going to a handcar crew already tired, wet, and bruised. But at Etowah station, Fuller and his mates came upon the *Yonah*, steaming and ready to take up the chase. Hurriedly loading it with soldiers, Fuller ran it out onto the main line and threw open the throttle.

In the meantime, the *General* and its crew had rolled into Kingston, junction of the branch line from Rome, 30 miles above Big Shanty. On the branch stood the Rome train, awaiting arrival of the morning mail, the regularly scheduled run on which the *General* had started. Also expected momentarily, Andrews found, was the local freight. Accordingly, the raiders pulled onto a siding to wait until it had passed. It appeared within a few minutes, but as it drew near, its locomotive was found to be carrying a red flag, indicating that it was being closely followed by another train. While waiting, Andrews, in explanation of the unscheduled appearance of his train when the regular northbound mail had been expected, had professed to be in charge of an emergency ammunition train rushing "powder to Beauregard" at Corinth. Now he stepped forward boldly, demanding an explanation and insisting upon being let through. In answer he was told that Mitchell had seized Huntsville and was thought to be moving on to Chattanooga—that everything was being gotten out of his way.

For Andrews and his men, there was little reassurance in the news of Mitchell's activity. With visions of the right-of-way blocked by a succession of southbound trains, the raiders waited with mounting anxiety for the coming of the extra. When it did appear, their relief was short-lived. It, too, bore a red flag. Again Andrews made inquiry and learned that in making up the extra, it had been found that

the load was too great for a single locomotive. The train was in two sections.

Despairingly the raiders settled down to another period of fretful waiting. Despite assurance that the second section was closely following the first, the northerners had reason for concern. They knew that some pursuit must have been started by now, and they could only conjecture as to how rapidly it was overtaking them while they were held up. Also, a crowd was gathering. People were becoming increasingly curious, and Andrews was having to repeat frequently and insistently his "powder for Beauregard" story. As suspicion mounted among the bystanders, trouble appeared in prospect. To the 16 raiders concealed in the boxcars, the voices which came indistinctly to their ears were not reassuring. Guardedly, by one of the engineers, Andrews sent word to them that they should hold themselves in readiness to fight on an instant's notice. It was at this point that the mounting tension was relieved by the whistle of the incoming section. At long last, the track was clear. After an hour and five minutes of nerve-wracking suspense, Andrews and his men were able to get under way.

As the raiders steamed out of Kingston, Fuller came rattling along in the *Yonah*. South of the station, he met the first of the trains which had delayed Andrews. He had not thought that the northern men would be able to get through the snarl of incoming traffic at this point. Accordingly, he had anticipated a fight at Kingston. Now, however, he found himself hopelessly blocked by the very congestion upon which he had relied to hold Andrews. Despairing of getting the *Yonah* past the succession of southbounds, Fuller and Murphy abandoned the locomotive and started up the line on foot. Coming within sight of the Kingston station, they spied the Rome train standing on the branch line. Running across field to it, they uncoupled the engine and one car, took aboard 40 men, ran onto the main line through the switch above the station, and resumed the chase.

While Fuller was accomplishing the transfer to the Rome train, Andrews had stopped four miles beyond Kingston to cut the telegraph and to tear up a rail. While the men were straining at the latter, they heard the blast of a locomotive whistle close behind them. Redoubling their efforts, they tore the rail from its fastening, tumbling backward down the embankment with the suddenness of the spikes giving away. Hastily scrambling up over mud and shale, they clambered aboard as the *General* gained headway. Confident that the pursuit would encounter serious delay if not derailment, Andrews' men were in good spirits as they neared Adairsville. Andrews himself seemed more concerned with a steadily falling rain, which would make it difficult to set the bridges on fire, than with the danger pressing them from the rear. On arrival at the station, however, their rising optimism changed to alarm. Once more, they

found their way blocked—this time, by a mixed passenger and freight, southbound. Moreover, to their dismay, they learned that following at some distance behind the mixed train was an express. The situation would permit no delay. Blustering his way around the mixed train with the tale of "powder for Beauregard," Andrews led his crew out onto the Adairsville-Calhoun stretch in a desperate gamble that they would be able to reach the siding at the latter point before meeting the onrushing express. With its throttle opened wide, the careening *General* thundered the nine miles into Calhoun in less than nine minutes, arriving just as the express was about to leave. Before the deep-throated insistence of the *General's* whistle, it yielded—backing up until Andrews' train could gain the siding. Collision had been avoided, but the precipitate arrival of the train from the south created suspicion. Andrews met the angry questions with an indignant "powder for Beauregard" recital, an explanation to which frequent repetition had imparted a convincing ring. Reluctantly, the conductor of the southbound yielded, pulling his train down the track so that Andrews could regain the main line.

While Andrews was taking desperate chances between Adairsville and Calhoun, Fuller had come upon the torn-up rail beyond Kingston. Abandoning their train south of the break, he and Murphy once more set out on foot. Soon the train southbound from Adairsville came pelting along through the storm. Fuller flagged it down. The hurried explanations took but a moment. Then, backing at top speed with its whistle shrieking a frantic warning to the express behind, the mixed train retraced its course, reaching Adairsville just in time to pass before the southbound express could pull out and block the way. Deftly dropping the cars into a convenient siding, Fuller, in his new locomotive, the *Texas,* with the tender loaded with soldiers and running backward under a wide-open throttle, continued the chase.

Meanwhile, Andrews, hopeful that Fuller was by now either blocked or derailed, paused between Calhoun and the Oostenaula to rip up another rail. While the raiders labored in the rain there came to them the warning scream of the fast-approaching *Texas.* Andrews' men redoubled their efforts, but minutes before the rail could be sprung, Fuller's engine bore down upon them, forcing them to board the *General* on the run.

As the race neared the Oostenaula, Andrews dropped one boxcar, then a second, in an effort to gain time in which to fire the trestle over the river. Fuller, however, was slowed down only momentarily. Skillfully picking up the cars, he pushed them ahead of him across the bridge to Resaca, where he threw them into an open switch.

Forced to run at high speed over the Oostenaula bridge, destruction of which was one of Andrews' major objectives, the raiders noted their first real failure. Critically they took stock of their situation. The closeness of the

pursuit was giving them little opportunity to take on wood and water. Unless the *Texas* could be delayed, there was little prospect of their enjoying greater success in burning the Chickamauga bridges than they had had at the Oostenaula trestle. Also, there might be danger ahead in the form of ambush or road block. Though they had cut the wires after every station passed, there was still the possibility that an alarm might have gotten through before they cut them. Then, too, a warning might have been telegraphed around the Confederacy, to Chattanooga by way of Richmond. The northerners knocked out the rear of their remaining boxcar and commenced to drop crossties on the rails in the path of the *Texas*. Coming to the obstructions, Fuller and Murphy were compelled to slacken their pace and, at times, stop to remove the lengths of timber. Twice the northerners took advantage of the respite so gained, to replenish fuel and water supplies. On another occasion, the Union men were within seconds of getting up a rail when forced to desist by the reappearance of the *Texas*.

Nor was the chase without peril to the pursuers. The Fuller locomotive, storming around a curve into slanting sheets of wind-driven rain, ran upon a rail which the raiders had laid across the track. With a lurch which threw the men violently about in cab and tender, the *Texas* seemed to leave the rails. But somehow, incredibly, the screeching flanges of the locomotive's wheels held their grip; the train merely hovered, and sped onward in pursuit.

Undaunted by the narrowly escaped derailment, Fuller refused to slacken the pace. The best way to prevent the raiders from obstructing the track, he reasoned, was to press them so closely that they dare not stop to remove a rail. But to many of the men aboard the *Texas*, it seemed that Fuller was a madman and that the full-throttle speed at which the chase was being conducted could end only in mangled, scalding death. A quiver of panic ran through the men in the tender. Some begged to be let off. But Fuller, intent on preventing damage to the long tunnel above Dalton or to the bridges over the Chickamauga, paid them little heed.

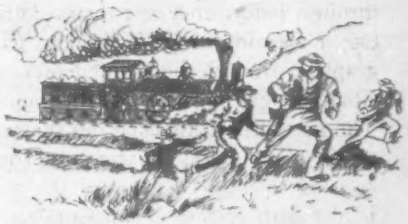
Above Dalton, Andrews stopped to cut the wires—but not soon enough, this time, to prevent the man whom Fuller had dropped at the station from sending a message, part of which got through to Chattanooga. Meanwhile, the *General* was running low on wood and water. It was becoming increasingly evident to the raiders that they would be unable to run through to Chattanooga. Some urged Andrews to turn on the pursuers, possibly ambush them in the tunnel, and deal with them at close quarters where the revolvers of the raiders might prove more than a match for the rifles of the Confederates. But Andrews was determined to risk everything on an attempt to destroy one of the Chickamauga trestles. Under his direction, as the *General* neared one of the high, covered spans over the river, the Union

men tore away part of the roof, sides, and ends of the boxcar. They piled the wood thus obtained inside the car, where it would be sheltered from the rain. A fire was hastily kindled on the floor. A few more obstructions were dropped on the track, and the remainder of the precious wood was crammed into the *General's* fire-box. Once on the trestle, the blazing car was uncoupled. Then, as smoke filled the structure and flames leaped to the rafters, the raiders ran on hopefully toward the next woodyard.

The *General* had barely cleared the far end of the trestle when the *Texas,* steaming up from the south, hove in sight. Running backward all of the while, Fuller plunged his locomotive into the smoking bridge-shed. Groping through the haze, the *Texas* jarred into the blazing car. With the crew crouching down and shielding their faces from the backlash of the flames, Fuller's engine pushed the fire-swept hulk through the shed before the rainsoaked timbers of the bridge covering could be ignited. Shunting its flaming burden into the nearest siding beyond the bridge, the *Texas* roared on into the North.

A few miles beyond the trestle, the *General* began to lose headway as the steam pressure in its boilers dropped alarmingly. To the ears of the raiders came the fearful sound of the *Texas* whistle, insistent and close at hand. Andrews determined to abandon the locomotive.

Directing the men to scatter and make their individual ways back to the Union lines, the leader had the *General* brought to a halt. As the fleeing men made off into the brush, the unpiloted *General* was put in reverse and sent staggering back to ram the approaching *Texas.* Fuller's men discovered the situation in time. The *Texas* pulled up and itself reversed. Running with the all-but-spent locomotive, Fuller's engine took the shock easily and braked the *General* to a halt. Soon Confederates were dashing



off in all directions, intent upon hunting down the raiders. Meanwhile, another train had appeared. The express which had been turned back at Calhoun and had followed behind the *Texas* arrived with reinforcements.

The thoroughly aroused Confederates promptly ran the raiders to earth. Many were captured before the evening of the day of the raid. All were taken within a week. Because of the fact that they had been captured within enemy territory while disguised as civilians, Andrews and his men were regarded as spies by the Confederate military authorities. The leader and seven of the score who rode the *General* with him, were executed. The others were never brought to trial. Some later escaped from prison in Atlanta, while the rest were exchanged

late in March of the following year through special arrangement negotiated by Secretary Stanton.

From the military standpoint perhaps the most pertinent indictments might be directed at Andrews' postponement of the attempt, failure to provide adequate rail-lifting tools, and failure to take advantage of the numerous opportunities to ambush and overwhelm the men in the *Texas*. Whatever the controversial aspects of the raid may be, however, there is no question as to the courage, daring, and perseverance of both pursuers and pursued.

I Shall Never Forget It

I BELIEVE in Guardian Angels. When my youngest brother, Billy, was three years old he used to ride with me every afternoon to bring the other children home from school. One afternoon Billy was not to be seen when I left the house. Thinking he was with his older brothers, I got into the car and drove off.

Since I had to get some things at the hardware store, I stopped by there before picking up the children. As I drove up in front of the store a man walked over to the car and pointed down to the ground. Thinking I had a flat tire, I opened the door opposite me and in walked Billy, my little brother. A second later up walked one of my older brothers, pale, shaken and hardly able to talk.

What had happened? Billy had seen me backing out of the garage and had started to get into the car but when the car started to move he had stayed on the running board, clinging to the door handle. As I drove out of the yard some men working on the highway in front of the house yelled to me but the windows were closed and I didn't hear them or my older brother who saw me leave with Billy on the running board. He called to me and started running with all his speed. As he reached the highway he met a car coming from town and asked the driver to turn around and try to catch me and save my little brother from what looked like certain death. As they chased me they were close enough to see Billy's feet swing out away from the car as I rounded a curve.

When Billy got into the car in town I noticed he had his hat in his hand. I asked him why his hat was there and he told me "it blew off and I caught it."

Mrs. George E. Spalding.

Readers are invited to submit similar experiences. We shall pay $25 on publication for acceptable ones. Sorry we cannot return manuscripts, but we shall carefully consider all that are submitted.—The editors.

Newman's Journey Into Faith

By ELEANOR RUGGLES

Condensed chapter of a book*

JOHN HENRY NEWMAN, vicar of the Church of St. Mary the Virgin in Oxford about the middle of June, 1839, settled down to his study of the history of the Christian Church. As a member of the Church of England he was placid and confident; he looked forward with delight to immersing himself again in the strife and eloquence of bygone controversies. While preparing for his book on the Arians, he had concentrated on the Nicene council. Now he turned his attention to the Council of Chalcedon, held more than a century later.

Newman in 1844

One of the issues that had vexed and divided the early Christian world was the reconciliation of the human and divine natures in Christ. Since 325, when the Nicene council had condemned the view of Arius that Christ was essentially distinct from and inferior to His Father, the Arian heresy had persisted, and other heresies, deviating from the Nicene definition, had risen. At a second ecumenical council, at Constantinople in 381, the dogma that Christ was both God and man was reaffirmed. The ecumenical Council of Ephesus, 50 years later, decided that because the two natures are indivisible, Mary, Mother of Christ, might be duly venerated as Mother of God, and it pronounced as heretical the view of Nestorius, Bishop of Constantinople, and his followers, who questioned her right to this title.

Then in 448, Eutyches, elderly abbot of a monastery near Constantinople, was condemned by a domestic synod for having implied that the two natures had become one at the Incarnation. Eutyches had powerful friends, and the emperor himself took up his cause, and called another assembly to reconsider the case. As Newman perused this account he was amazed at the parallel between that remote time and his own, with their respective examples of interference in Church affairs by the self-interested civil power. He entered into the unfolding drama

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with constantly increasing eagerness.

Pope Leo at Rome wrote a formal condemnation of Eutyches in which he re-emphasized the doctrine of "the two natures in one Person." At the council summoned by the emperor, again held at Ephesus, the Pope was represented by legates. But the friends of Eutyches packed the court. The heretic was acquitted, and the assembly, not afterward recognized as authoritative, degenerated into a brawl. The papal legates, unable even to deliver Leo's instructions, barely escaped with their lives. It appeared that the will of Rome had been defeated.

But again, by an apparent accident, things took a turn. The Emperor Theodosius died suddenly after a fall from his horse, and was succeeded by Marcian. In 451 yet another ecumenical council was called, at Chalcedon, at which Leo's indictment of Eutyches with its affirmation of the doctrine of the two natures was read aloud, and acclamations broke from the listening bishops, "This is the faith of the Apostles! This is the faith of the Fathers! Peter has spoken by the mouth of Leo!"

The bishops at Chalcedon had wished to define the doctrine by the ambiguous formula that Christ was "of two natures," whereas the papal delegates maintained that the preposition must be the specific *in* (two natures *in* one Person). The Emperor Marcian supported the Pope; the bishops gave way, and Leo's definition became the orthodox expression of the doctrine for the Catholic Church in the communions of Greece and Rome, and consequently in the Church of England. In this respect, the Council of Chalcedon was a triumph for the See of Rome, and the Bishop of Rome had successfully imposed his claim to primacy. His imperious voice still sounded for the English clergyman who followed the controversy, which he found "most exceedingly graphic and lively," on the printed page 14 centuries later, and who again encountered a parallel between that buried era and his own, this time in the impressive power of the Pope, which was proved to have been infinitely greater in the early days than he had conjectured, indeed, "as great," Newman reflected, "as he claims now, almost. . . ."

A large number of Catholics, especially in the Middle East, dissented from the finding. The extreme section comprised the followers of Eutyches. The more moderate Monophysites (believers in the single nature), attempted a compromise in doctrine between Eutychian and Chalcedonian. They withdrew from the body of the Church to form independent communions. In 1839 their descendants, surviving in Armenia, Egypt and Ethiopia, were considered by the Churches of Rome and England alike to exist in heresy and schism.

After he had mastered such history, a third parallel dawned on Newman that revolutionized his whole concept of the position of the English Church. It was not that he and fellow Anglicans subscribed, with heretics, to a

belief in the single nature of Christ. They held to the definition of Leo, which their own Church had inherited. But the parallel lay in this: the middle path, which Newman had urged as the hereditary and right course of the Anglican communion, was exactly comparable to the attempt of the Monophysites to steer between the dogmatic pronouncement of Leo at Chalcedon and the dissenting view of Eutyches. Newman was striving to preserve what he believed to be the doctrine of the Apostles from dogmas imposed through the influence of Rome at the Council of Trent in the 16th century. The Monophysites had endeavored to preserve the apostolic doctrine against a definition imposed by Rome at the earlier Council of Chalcedon. Basing their appeal on antiquity, they defied the verdict of the main body of the Church, and by so doing had become schismatics. The conclusion suggested to Newman, by the silent and unimpassioned records of history, was that if he recognized the Monophysites to be in schism, he must acknowledge Anglicans to be in schism also. In the mirror of the 5th century Newman found reflected the state of Christendom in the 16th, when the Protestant Reformers broke with Rome, and in the 19th, when the Anglican church maintained an uneasy balance between Protestantism and Romanism. He peered deep into that mirror. His own face looked back at him. It was the face of a schismatic. To trace a middle path was no new thing. The Protestants corresponded to the extreme Eutychians. The English church, seen through the eyes of history, dwindled into a sect, divided within its ranks and isolated. Only the Church of Rome remained now as she had always been, the center and citadel of authority. And at her feet, now as then, the factions of heresy dashed like breakers against a fortress, ever threatening and assailing futilely, ever at war among themselves, ever courting the power of the state, ever impetuous, insecure and mutable, and never enduring.

Newman finished his reading at the end of August. His first reaction was the idea of flight—not to Rome, but from Oxford. Then, less than a week later, by coincidence that to a mind like Newman's was heavy with portent, a friend of long standing called his attention to an article by Monsignor Wiseman in the current issue of the Dublin *Review*.

Wiseman had helped found this periodical, that he might have access to an organ through which to spar with the men of the Oxford Movement. He had already published several articles examining and denying the claims of Anglicanism. This time he was out for blood. His latest essay drew a parallel between Anglicans and Donatists, an African sect that had seceded from Rome in the 4th century. Newman, at first reading, was undisturbed, for he did not consider the case of the Donatists to tally with that of Anglicans. But a friend laid an inquiring finger on a passage from St. Augustine quoted by Wiseman, that

may be freely translated: "The unshakable judgment of the world is that those men are not good who, in any part of the world, separate themselves from the rest of the world." Augustine's words, broadly interpreted, meant that "the deliberate judgment, in which the whole Church at length acquiesces, is an infallible prescription and a final sentence against such portions of it as protest and secede." Newman had appealed, as Donatists and Monophysites before him, to the standard of antiquity, to primitive usage and interpretation—to which his own communion, he believed, had adhered more faithfully than the Church of Rome. But antiquity itself now denied his appeal through one of its foremost oracles. St. Augustine had followed a more practical rule: if the continuance of the Church as an organic society, *Civitas Dei,* is to be preserved, it is the aggregate of Catholic churches, united by common communion with the See of Peter, that must be the final judge of any branch. His verdict made it very clear that the primitive questions were not, "How did the cleavage arise? Which was right and which wrong? Who caused the schism?" but that the simple fact of isolation from the united Church throughout the world was accepted as a sufficient condemnation of seceders, and that local factions that existed separate were always wrong. In a flash the towering truth proclaimed itself, and in that flash, as though the heavens had opened, Newman saw ahead the end of his road.

Scarcely had the vision been granted, when it was gone. But the breath had been knocked out of him by the swiftness with which the two thrusts had succeeded each other. Writing again to Frederic Rogers on Sept. 22 he acknowledged that, in the week intervening between his letters, he had had his first "real hit" from the enemy.

Newman had seen, as he later recalled it, the shadow of a hand upon the wall. He had seen the vision of a Church consistently triumphant over the shifting, self-defeating ranks of those in separation from her, a Church whose supreme authority had been acknowledged through the ages. Then what was the use, he asked himself desperately, of continuing the attack on Rome if, after all, he were forging arguments for flagrant heretics, such as Eutyches, "and turning devil's advocate . . . the majestic Leo?"

Returning to Oxford for the autumn term, Newman entered as well the autumn of his Anglicanism. The talk of the university was the escapade of Mr. John Morris in Newman's pulpit during his absence. Young Morris, in his sermons on fasting and on the Roman doctrine of the Mass, gave such offense that the vice-chancellor, in monumental reprimand, no longer attended services at St. Mary's. Then came the more outrageous escapade of Mr. Bloxam, Newman's current curate at Littlemore. In the recent vacation, Bloxam had stopped at Alton Towers, estate of a famous English Catholic family, and the story ran that while attending worship in the family chapel

he had bowed his head at the elevation of the Host. Newman, in consternation, cross-questioned his curate, who explained contritely that he had done no more than remain on his knees, absorbed in his personal devotions. But the Bishop of Oxford suggested that Newman would do well to keep his young men in leash.

Conscious of a reluctance to condemn doctrines that might turn out to be true, Newman fell back on what he considered the practical abuses allowed by Rome that he could still wholeheartedly censure: the idolatrous tendency of honors paid to the Virgin and saints; Rome's alliance with English liberals and Irish nationalists; and her unscrupulous methods of proselytizing. He began to wonder if the Anglican divines, whose traditional prejudices he accepted, had not, in a manner of speaking, "taken him in." Still, he could not go wrong in denouncing proselytizers. When in January, 1840, a mild-mannered priest, Father Ignatius Spencer, appeared at Oxford to plead that Anglicans and Roman Catholics should pray together for unity, Newman, who in the past had behaved very civilly to such ambassadors, refused point-blank to dine with him.

Newman felt tired, sad, and oppressed with foreboding. The spirit of the times seemed a spirit of increasing materialism.

When in the spring of 1840, Bloxam resigned, Newman went over from Oxford to fill the gap. The change to Littlemore was what Newman needed. His landlady fussed over his health; the parish folk adored him uncritically; his Sunday-school pupils were unkempt and dirty but docile; and as his nerves relaxed, the latent domestic side of his nature began to flower. He opened a campaign among the children to promote cleanliness as next to godliness, set the girls to knitting stockings, and, rummaging out an old violin, strung it himself and led the young people in their singing. He also catechized them on Sundays, and with such finesse and spirit, the children answering with such alacrity and all unanimous on the complex subject of the nine orders of angels, that his Oxford disciples, for whom the day was flat without his sermon, took to flocking three miles across the fields to watch the performance. The spring this year was beautiful. So was the new painted glass installed at Littlemore church. So was the church itself, decked with flowers for Easter.

Why not continue his preaching at St. Mary's, but reside at Littlemore with a handful of pupils? He dreamed of building "a monastic house" at Littlemore and coming to live in it.

With Newman, to dream was to act. By the middle of May he and a number of friends had bought nine acres at Littlemore and sketched plans to remodel stables into dwelling places. There would be a library, there would be "cells" opening off a "cloister." There would be an "oratory" and a "refectory." The congenial terms rolled from his pen. He wondered whether he should not break with St.

Mary's altogether, but it was remarkable how many reasons made it a duty to remain.

In February, 1841, Newman turned 40. Less than a week later he published *Tract 90,* the last and most controversial of the *Tracts for the Times.* It was an analysis of the Thirty-nine Articles, formularies set forth in the reign of Elizabeth to serve as a test of orthodoxy for the English clergy. Newman's motive in writing was to remove a difficulty complained of by many younger followers. If, as he had asserted, the Church of England were the continuation of the Catholic Church, the doctrine in her Articles could be nothing else than the Catholic doctrine taught by the Universal Church from the beginning. But the militantly Protestant tone of the Thirty-nine Articles had been a stumbling block to enthusiasts. How could the English Church regain her Catholicity when saddled with such formularies?

By a searching examination of the Articles' terminology, Newman attempted to show that notwithstanding their Protestant fierceness their language was ambiguous and full of loopholes. The compilers of the Articles perhaps disagreed on certain questions, which they left open, and deliberately framed the formularies so that moderate Catholics might subscribe to them by understanding them in a Catholic sense. To the challenge that the Articles were clearly aimed against Rome, Newman's retort was, "What do you mean by Rome?"

Anglicans did not accept the decisions of the Council of Trent, which had taken place after the separation of England from Rome, contending that in the council the See of Rome had added to the primitive faith. But St. Augustine's judgment had made plain to Newman that even in primitive times the ecumenical councils, representing the whole Church, had been received *as* councils, that is, as infallible courts whose verdicts were divinely inspired though they might cross the opinions of local bodies or of some of the Fathers themselves. Not antiquity but the existing Church was the oracle.

Newman had begun to wonder. In 1841 he did not accept Trent as ecumenical. He would not for at least three years. But he took pains to point out that the Articles could not have been "simply directed against" the Council of Trent, for they had been drawn up while the council was still in session.

What, then, were the Articles directed against? Newman considered that what they rightly spoke against was the living "Romish" system, expounded by theologians, inculcated in seminaries, and preached from pulpits. "Instead of setting before the soul the Holy Trinity, and heaven and hell," he wrote, "it does seem to me, as a popular system, to preach the blessed Virgin and the saints, and purgatory. If there ever was a system which required reformation, it is that of Rome at this day, or in other words (as I should call it) Romanism or Popery."

Newman did not allow for the circumstance that since Elizabeth's day the English church had become not less Protestant but more so. The explosion that followed was formidable. A condemnation of the tract was posted on every buttery hatch and on the gate of every college. The whole nation was inflamed. Every newspaper took up the issue. Newman's motives were argued at dinner tables, in Parliament, and by strangers in coffee houses.

To the stalwart Anglican majority, *Tract 90* was a piece of casuistry. Newman was undertaking by his subtle distinctions to open a trapdoor in the stronghold of Anglicanism, and to "drive a coach-and-six" through the fortuitous gaps in a Protestant formula. A well-known Evangelical voiced the popular verdict, "I should be sorry to trust the author of that tract with my purse!"

Newman agreed to discontinue the entire series of *Tracts for the Times,* and sent the bishop an open letter affirming his loyalty to the Church of England. This was the single concession he made. But adherents of the Oxford Movement now showed their colors. A number defaulted, while the more steadfast, their allegiance burning brighter at the hint of martyrdom, preached sermons on their leader's trial.

There now appeared two more guides, who took Newman by the hand. The first was William Ward, of whom it might be truer to say that he seized his shoulders and pushed him. Ward, known for his humorous personality and elephantine physique, relish for argument, and gift for theology, had become the leader of the younger party in the school of Newman. Its members, unlike the older men of the movement, felt no filial affection for their Anglican mother church. "Our stepmother," some of them called her. Nor did they share with the movement's originators an inbred fear of the Church of Rome. It was for them that Newman had written *Tract 90.* Ward continued to plague Newman: if you admit so much, was his drift, how can you avoid admitting more?

The method of Newman's second guide was very different. Father George Russell was an Irish priest, 29 years old, obscure, modest, and scholarly. He had read all Newman's books, remembered him constantly in his prayers, and had longed to write to him but had been restrained by his native diffidence. He was one of the few Roman clergymen to encourage Dr. Wiseman in the high hopes that the Oxford Movement would result in the submission of England to the Roman Church. *Tract 90* had given Wiseman new hope, and he had written Newman; but his approach was too abrupt. Newman was not to be driven. Dr. Wiseman had been on the verge of communicating his hopes to the Holy See. This continued resistance disheartened him. There was nothing more likely to throw Newman back than aggressive efforts by Roman Catholics.

A gentler touch was needed. Father Russell also had read *Tract 90,* and had been surprised and pained by the gross conception of the Eucharist suggested as the popular Roman view: that the Body and Blood of our Lord are consumed literally in a carnal sense, that there is an "impious tearing with the teeth" and a "natural and bloody drinking." However, he still hesitated to address the famous Englishman till on April 8, Maundy Thursday, he celebrated Mass. The beauty of the service and its infinite meaning exalted him and filled him with anguish that there should be any to misinterpret. Returning to his room, he wrote to Newman.

Father Russell's letter, though intensely earnest, was uncontroversial, nor was there any trace in it of the "cruel" spirit that Newman believed he had detected in other priests. Newman answered at once, "O that you would reform your worship, that you would disown the extreme honors paid to St. Mary and the saints, your traditionary view of indulgences, and the veneration paid in foreign countries to images."

Delighted that he had gained the great man's ear, Father Russell wrote, "Our doctrines, and the practices which flow from them, will bear the same rigid examination (as that of the Eucharist). And be assured, if you knew us well your fears of our 'traditionary system' would disappear—you would feel that our worship needed no 'reform'—you would be less disposed to regard our honor of the saints as 'extreme,' or to be offended by our 'traditionary view of indulgences.'"

Newman was moved. But convictions of half a lifetime die slowly, and he countered that some reforms by Rome were surely necessary. Why else had the break occurred? "It never could be that so large a portion of Christendom should have split off from the communion of Rome, and kept up a protest for 300 years for nothing."

To this argument the young priest returned his steady denial. "I pray daily that you and your friends may be strengthened to dismiss all fear of that secondary and traditionary system among us, which seems to haunt you."

"Your fears are groundless." This was Russell's persistent refrain. "The corruptions you fancy have no substance in fact." So while Ward edged Newman on, Father Russell reassured him. Looking back, long afterwards, Newman could trace their influence.

And now the hand of the past appeared again to write its warning on the conduct of the present. Since 1839 Newman's uneasiness had subsided. His published answers to Wiseman had exorcised the worst fears. But in the summer of 1841 the same uneasiness returned. While translating the works of St. Athanasius, he suddenly recognized in the history of the Arian heresy the same phenomenon that he had discovered in the Monophysites. The moderate "semi-Arians," who followed a middle path, but whom the Church condemned as heretics along with the Arians themselves, were in

the position of contemporary Anglicans. All his perplexity revived, more terrible than ever.

He was in the misery of this fresh unsettlement when the English bishops began to "charge" against him. *Tract 90* had not been formally condemned by the English church. But the bishops, who were its official representatives, now showed by their savage outburst that they did condemn it. Newman had said to Russell that the principle of obedience was too intimately wrought into Anglicans to allow of their separating from their ecclesiastical superiors. Now he was forced to admit that "the more implicit the reverence one pays to a bishop, the more keen will be one's perception of heresy in him. The cord is binding and compelling till it snaps."

This was not all. A train of minor persecutions against the movement was under way. When Keble's curate presented himself for ordination, a regular set was made against him by the Bishop of Winchester and his chaplains, who found the young man's views on the Articles and the Eucharist unsatisfactory, and refused to ordain him. Then Isaac Williams was proposed to fill the chair of poetry at Oxford. Because of Williams' connection with the movement, another candidate defeated him. The things were small in themselves, but taken together they showed a trend.

As if these developments were not enough, the British government gave attention to the project of Baron von Bunsen, the Prussian diplomat whom Newman had met in Rome, to institute, under joint auspices of Prussia and England, a bishopric in Jerusalem to whose spiritual jurisdiction all Protestant congregations who desired might submit themselves. The plan, which had the approval of the Archbishop of Canterbury, was essentially political. Its design was to establish a resident influence in Palestine, and it implied a sinking of theological differences that left Newman aghast. "Dr. Wiseman may sit still," he commented bitterly. "Our bishops will do his work."

And so it proved. Between 1839 and the end of 1841, though Newman had persuaded himself that a church is part of the one Catholic Church if she has the apostolic creed and succession and displays "holiness of life," such a defense could no longer be made when the English bishops not only repudiated the principles of Catholicity but even were prepared to fraternize with Protestant bodies and to admit Protestants into communion without renunciation of their errors.

Newman made his last-ditch stand. Even now he could not go over to Rome; not while she tolerated what he believed to be abuses from which his imagination revolted. In December, 1841, he preached four sermons putting forward a new theory of his church's position.

The theory was based on a comparison between the situation of the English church and that of the ten tribes of Israel who had broken with Judah,

had been virtually excommunicated by the priests of Jerusalem, and from whom, nevertheless, the divine protection was not withdrawn, to whom the mighty prophets Elijah and Elisha had been sent, and who had still possessed "the means of grace and the hope of acceptance with their Maker." England had rebelled against Rome as Israel against Judah; the English church was Samaria. Yet from this application it was also clear that there was no necessity for an Anglican to leave his communion and submit to Rome because no corresponding obligation had been laid on the tribes of Israel—cut off though they were from the Temple at Jerusalem, which remained the religious center for the Jewish people—to leave Israel and submit to Judah.

Christ was still present in the ordinances of the English church. What, after all, Newman demanded passionately, is the ultimate evidence of this presence but each man's experience of his church's benefits? How else explain the nameless instinct that somehow restrains a man at the verge of secession? "I know whom I have believed," cried the dying St. Paul; and his knowledge was from no outward evidence, but from a personal and an incommunicable testimony.

"Let us, then," Newman entreated, "think it enough, with the Prophets of old, to be patient, to pray, and to wait."

"What want we then but faith in our church? If we have a secret misgiving about her, all is lost. Let us accept her as God's gift and our portion."

Although he pleaded so eloquently, Newman was a prey to the secret misgiving against which he warned. In April, 1842, he left Oxford and went to live at Littlemore. The next two years were a preparation for his valedictory to the life he had known. He settled down in the new building, which was nearly completed, in the company of a few younger men. He had gone to Littlemore to pray and meditate.

He needed time. The inexorable promptings of reason and conscience could not be denied. And though he continued his readings, the new evidence they revealed only strengthened the convictions which now plagued him. Thus the "Mariolatry" which he had cited as a Roman weakness became but new evidence of religious consistency as he read St. Alphonse Liguori's discourses on devotions to the Virgin that Russell had sent him. And again pondering Arian history, he had to admit the power of Rome not only to interpret original doctrine, "but to expand it." As Wiseman had said, "In the Church as in all living organisms there is a natural power of growth." Newman now accepted "elaborate" dogmas as a development of Scriptural teaching. He accepted such capacity for growth as the mark of divinity.

There followed his anonymous letter which recanted his strongest charges against Rome. And when its authorship was quickly recognized

and old resentments intensified, Newman was more than ever aware of need for action. Here began the final parting from friends, the most heart-rending process of all. Turning from one to the other of the old associates with his final admission he discovered the estrangement now complete. To Pusey, whose loyalty and sympathy were a solitary exception, he could bring only increased sorrow and grief to one already overburdened. The last few months brought Newman no release. Action could no longer be postponed.

On Sept. 18, 1843, after a sleepless night, he went by railway, an innovation and an adventure, to London, where he resigned his living before a notary. The break was complete.

On Sept. 25 at 11 o'clock in the morning Newman preached at Littlemore his last Anglican sermon. Pusey administered the sacrament. It was the 7th anniversary of the consecration of the tiny church whose first stone had been laid by Newman's mother. The building was decorated with passion flowers and fuchsias, and the congregation overflowed onto chairs outside. The service began with the slow procession across the grounds to the church of Newman, Pusey, and two assistants, followed by a flock of school children, all chanting a psalm as they walked. The title of Newman's sermon was "The Parting of Friends."

There was no mistaking Newman's application. "O my mother," he cried, "whence is this unto thee, that thou hast good things poured upon thee and canst not keep them, and bearest children, yet darest not own them? Thou biddest them be gone, where they will be more welcome; or thou sellest them for nought to the stranger passing."

This was Newman's farewell to the English church. "And, O my brethren," he concluded, "O kind and affectionate hearts, O loving friends—should you know any one whose lot it has been, by writing or by word of mouth, in some degree to help you, if he has ever made you feel that there was a higher life than this daily one, and a brighter world than that you see, remember such a one in time to come, though you hear him not, and pray for him, that in all things he may know God's will, and at all times he may be ready to fulfill it."

He was received into the Catholic Church Oct. 9, 1845. He was ordained a priest in Rome in 1846 and created cardinal in 1879.

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THE doors of St. Matthew's cathedral in Washington are open every day. At noon the chime belfry bell begins. The first sound brings worshipers to their feet. Lips move silently repeating Gabriel's salutation and follow with a *Hail Mary*. Lips move on to the Virgin's reply and another *Hail Mary*. Then the people genuflect as they say "The Word was made flesh and dwelt among us." Another *Hail Mary* and the Angelus is concluded.

Then the bell rings on in measured strokes as if in solemn tribute to the Incarnation. It rings from the Covenant 1st Presbyterian church near by!

Ann McGarvey.

No Religion in U.S. Schools?

By
WILFRID PARSONS,
S.J.

Condensed from
*The Sign**

THE Supreme Court of the U. S., Justice Black reading the decision, declared on Feb. 10, 1947, by a vote of five to four that it was not unconstitutional for the state of New Jersey to reimburse Catholic parents for bus fares their children paid riding to parochial schools. However, in the course of his majority opinion Mr. Black took occasion to say that the Constitution forbids "laws which aid one religion, aid all religions, or prefer one religion to another" and all taxes levied "to support any religious activities, whatever they may be called, or whatever form they may adopt to *teach or practice* religion."

On March 8, 1948, the Supreme Court, Justice Black again reading the decision, declared by a vote of eight to one that it was unconstitutional for the school board of Champaign, Ill., to allow public-school premises to be used by the local Council on Religion to give religious teaching on "released time." Mr. Black's grounds were the double prohibition which the Constitution lays on the states according to Mr. Black in the New Jersey bus decision.

More than two million children in public schools in 3,000 communities in 46 states had been receiving religious instruction on released time. The vast majority are Protestants. Their leaders were stupefied.

The case had been brought by a lady in Champaign who styles herself an atheist. To most people the case had the earmarks of a first-class mystery. What in the Constitution forbids such "aid" to religion?

Mr. Black in both decisions, one favorable, one adverse, based his position on the 1st Amendment to the Constitution: "Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion or prohibiting the free exercise thereof." That is all it says, as far as religion goes. What does the amendment mean? We go to its legislative history; the form it had when introduced, the debates that clarified it, the changes it underwent, the final form it took.

From the historical evidence available, this much is certain. The amendment, in the minds of those who introduced it, who voted for it in Congress, who ratified it in the states, meant just

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two things: The federal Congress shall have no power to favor by law one religion over another, and it shall have no power to impose any one religion on a man's conscience. In other words, it meant equality of all religions before the law, and liberty of all men's consciences. There can be no historical doubt of that.

Perhaps the best single authority is Jame Madison, who introduced the 1st Amendment and saw it through the six or seven changes it underwent before its wording was entirely satisfactory. During the debate Madison said he apprehended the words to mean "that Congress should not establish a religion, and enforce the legal observation of it by law, nor compel men to worship God in any manner contrary to their conscience." Nothing could be clearer than that.

But this only deepens the mystery. The amendment as it stands obviously puts a restraint only on the federal Congress; it leaves the states free to do what they like about establishing a church. As a matter of fact, several states had an established church then, and some continued to have one for many years after. The 1st Amendment bound only the federal government. Mr. Black says that it binds the states and even local school boards.

In 1868, as an aftermath of civil war and to safeguard the rights of Negroes, the 14th Amendment declared that no state shall "deprive any person of life, liberty, or property without due process of law." Sixty-three years later, in 1931, the Supreme Court first declared this to mean that the restraints which the first ten amendments laid on the federal government were henceforth laid on the states as well. Nothing was further from the minds of those who proposed the amendment, voted for it, and ratified it. Mr. Black in both decisions calmly assumes that the 1st Amendment, as he interprets it, binds the states as well as the federal government. The noose is tightening.

Suppose the 14th Amendment did "pass on" the 1st Amendment to the states. It cannot pass on anything except what is in it. All that is in it is that Congress shall not establish any one church nor make any one kind of worship obligatory. How does Mr. Black say that Congress (and therefore the states) may not, by virtue of the 1st and 14th Amendments, give "aid" to religious bodies, even though it preserves the principle of equality which the 1st Amendment so clearly enjoins?

The clue lies far afield. Mr. Black, and those who think with him, say that the 1st Amendment really means that in the U. S. there shall be separation of Church and state. This is something else again. There is no mention in the federal Constitution, or in any state constitution (except ironically, Utah) of compulsory separation of Church and state. Yet now the Supreme Court says that, for purposes of the law, the 1st Amendment and separation of Church and state are interchangeable concepts.

There was, before the New Jersey bus case, no legal nor constitutional

warrant for this. How did it come about?

We find the clue, strangely enough, in the two dissents in the bus case by Justice Rutledge and Justice Jackson. Mr. Rutledge reviewed Madison's and Jefferson's fight in Virginia against the former Church of England, some six years before the 1st Amendment was adopted. Out of such pre-history we are asked to believe that the philosophical and religious notions of the two great Virginians are the key to the real meaning of the federal amendment. What is that meaning? No state "aid" shall be given to any form of religious worship. (We have seen already, of course, that whatever Madison's private opinions might have been this was not what the amendment he later introduced in Congress meant, after it had gone through the legislative and ratifying process.) Mr. Jackson's dissent added another little point —little, but tremendous. He said that what is forbidden is both direct *and indirect* aid.

We see now that this set the stage perfectly for the Champaign released-time case. Hitherto, there was no mention of separation of religion from the schools, but only of the separation of state taxing power from religious worship. Moreover, up to this point there was no warrant for saying that the no-establishment clause could be passed on to the states by the 14th Amendment. The no-establishment clause was a provision dividing federal from state powers, forbidding the first to establish a church and leaving the second free. It was in no sense comparable to the other provisions of the first ten amendments, all of which have to do with private rights.

Consequently, to make the Champaign decision stick, several things had to be done. The no-establishment clause had to be declared binding on the states also; *no-establishment* had to be extended to mean separation of Church and state; separation of Church and state had to be made to mean no aid, direct or indirect, to religion. None of these things had ever been done before. We see now that the groundwork had already been laid in both majority and minority opinions in the New Jersey bus case. In the Champaign, or McCollum, case it all came out in the open; the statements of the New Jersey case were the legal precedents for this decision, though such statements, on the Justices' own showing, had no warrant in constitutional or historical precedent.

Consequently, to reach the decision, two hurdles had to be crossed; the historical argument had to be got out of the way, and the 1st Amendment had to be extended to mean separation in its new sense. (Counsel defending the Champaign school board, in a 168-page brief, delivered crushing blows to both contentions.) The hurdles were easily crossed, though the labor was divided. Mr. Black brushed the historical and constitutional argument aside in less than two lines, citing his own interpretation of the no-establishment clause as the law, because he had said it was law in the

New Jersey case. Justice Frankfurter supplied the other key in concurring opinion. He by-passed the 1st Amendment completely, and in its place substituted what he called the "constitutional principle" of separation of Church and state. Moreover, he declared this principle an evolving concept, adding ominous words: the concept, he said, will be "unfolded as appeal is made to the principle from case to case."

This new doctrine of an evolving principle very neatly disposes of any historical or constitutional argument about the meaning of the 1st Amendment. In each new case the court will only have to decide what is the present state of the "constitutional principle" in its current stage of evolution and base its decision on that. What that state was in 1789 or 1845, or even 1940, is no concern, but only what the "principle" means here and now. Thus pragmatism has won its final assault on our highest court, and religion will be the first subject of experimentation. It is important that American citizens know what is going on, for it is not too late to raise a cry of alarm. All members of the court openly expect a flood of cases involving separation of Church and state.

The Champaign case, in fact, raises more questions than it solves, as perhaps it was intended to do. It will have been noticed that the words "aid to religion" have constantly come up in this story. What do they mean? The court never says. But Justice Reed, in his lone dissent, based his thinking on the historical and constitutional aspects of the 1st Amendment and naturally reached a conclusion diametrically opposite to that of the majority, which he termed "erroneous." He did this service: he said that the "aid to religion" forbidden by the amendment is a purposeful assistance directly to the church itself or to some religious group or organization doing religious work of such a character that it may fairly be said to be performing ecclesiastical functions." Such forbidden aid does not include "those incidental advantages that religious bodies, with other groups similarly situated, obtain as a by-product of organized society." He lists tax exemptions, free bus transportation, free textbooks, school lunches, and the like. As for Mr. Frankfurter's "constitutional principle," Mr. Reed lists direct subsidies to religion which it has been the practice of government to grant, including Army and Navy chaplains and divine worship on government property, chaplains and prayer in both Houses of Congress, and compulsory chapel in the naval and military academies on government premises. Are such age-old practices, along with many newer ones, to be declared unconstitutional because the court holds that an evolving principle now forbids them?

What of the future? This much is certain. All forms of religious instruction are forbidden if they take place on public-school premises. What if they are off the premises? It is not clear. But Mr. Black affords a clue to future action when he also forbids use

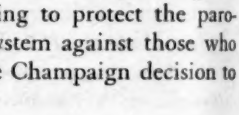
of the state's compulsory-education machinery to aid religion, even indirectly. Does compulsory school machinery also include school officers who allow children to go out to receive religious education? Does it include truant officers who supervise school attendance of parochial-school children, or state school boards which approve their curriculum?

The virus of secularism has thus reached our highest court, which has hitherto been immune from it. Moreover, as the New Jersey bus-case decision contained a number of clues which, read aright, would have given warning of what was to come, the new decision may contain clues to further action. This writer is convinced that it does, and that it behooves religious people to study it carefully.

Meanwhile, Catholics can thank their forefathers in the faith who did not rely on religious instruction in public schools alone, but who set up a great system of parochial schools. Catholics can strengthen and expand that system to take in even more children and join with all moderate Protestants in taking measures to protect threatened parental rights. And finally they can do a lot of hard thinking and careful planning to protect the parochial-school system against those who would use the Champaign decision to destroy it.

Fat heads keep their hair

How's Your Bald Spot?



By O. A BATTISTA

If you asked Dr. Frederick Hoelzel of the University of Illinois Medical school, Chicago, "Why do men become bald?" his answer might surprise you. It probably would go something like this.

"The best medical explanation for the much greater incidence of baldness in men as compared with women lies, alas, in the fact that men have a thinner layer of fat between skin and bone than women in this susceptible area.

"This so-called subcutaneous fat becomes thinner with age, and its disappearance is faster in the case of some men than others. As the hair line recedes, or as the small bald spot on the top of the head spreads out, the scalp fits more tightly around the skull. For the gradual reduction in the subcu-

taneous fat is accompanied by a process of calcification of the skull. This results in an actual increase in the size of the bone structure of the head, which puts considerable tension on the scalp. Almost always, therefore, the skin on the top of a bald man's head is smooth and taut.

"Unfortunately, accelerated calcification of the skull (bone-structure growth) cuts off the blood supply to the hair roots, and the individual hairs wither, die, and fall out. When this occurs, baldness has set in, lotions, potions, and notions notwithstanding."

Dr. Hoelzel first offered this explanation when he and his associates found upon examining dozens of "ideal" examples of baldness that the degree of baldness was in direct line with the amount of extra bone structure which had been deposited on the skull. Women, as a rule, and for a still unknown reason, lose their layer of subcutaneous fat much later in life. Therefore, they are bald far more rarely.

The baldness which comes with age begins most frequently on the top of the head when that ominous white spot makes its appearance. Tension zones at this portion of the scalp sharply reduce the blood supply, so that the affected hairs fall out in short order. Not so with the soft muscular sides of the scalp; there the hair hangs on because blood supply to hair roots is maintained.

It was Charles Dickens who proposed in one of his articles the theory that shaving caused baldness in men. He assumed that shaving made the facial whiskers grow in thicker and heavier at the expense of taking the raw material away from the head. A series of measurements made recently over a one-year period has proven conclusively that repeated shaving does not cause hair to grow one bit faster or coarser. Even a man who has been shaving for years, will grow a soft silky beard as soon as he quits shaving.

On this score, women should remember that leg-shaving may be far safer and more practical than the use of questionable chemical depilatories. And young men need not unduly prolong their first shave for fear that it will hasten the need for subsequent ones.

At the Washington University School of Medicine Drs. C. H. Danforth and Mildred Trotter knocked into a cocked hat the contention that prolonged doses of sunlight will help to raise a healthy harvest of superfluous hair. Using a microscope and a battery of hair counters, Drs. Danforth and Trotter found that an entire summer of premeditated sun basking by 12 voluntary subjects had no effect whatsoever on rate of growth, amount, or texture of hair.

Human hair is not an independent structure growing out of the skin like blades of grass on your front lawn. Health and growth of human hair is directly dependent upon a continuous fresh supply of blood and oxygen which must be carried through miles of minute blood capillaries to the individual hair-root cells. Sometimes

dry, lusterless hair is the doctor's clue in diagnosis of anemia. Under-nourished blood is a definite strike against keeping one's hair.

Each strand of human hair sprouts up from a tiny papilla which lies quite deep beneath the skin surface. As the hair protrudes upwards, it takes the shape of the follicle and becomes molded literally into a long, thin shaft. The follicle in a Negro's scalp has a spiral shape, which explains why his hair may be heavily kinked.

A freshly pulled thread of hair has a small section of living tissue at its roots, but the rest of it is as lifeless as a stick of licorice. Don't believe your barber if he tries to sell you the idea that "singeing" the tips of cut hair is important in order to close the freshly exposed pores. That part of your hair which he clips is lifeless, horny material.

Here are a few interesting statistics about human hair, provided by a Philadelphia dermatologist. One square inch of the average scalp holds about 1,000 hairs; the chances are, if you are not bald, that well over 100,000 hairs cover your scalp; if you are blonde, you have more hairs per square inch than your black-haired friend; if you are a redhead, you have fewer hairs on your head than anybody you know with hair of a different color; flaxen hair is the finest, running as fine as one-fifteen hundredths of an inch in diameter; black hair is coarsest, and is about ten times thicker than flaxen hair.

The normal life of a single strand of hair may vary from a few months to as long as four years. The life of an eyelash is only about five months. Ordinarily, hair grows about one-half an inch a month. If you pull a single hair out by its roots, however, one and a half to two months will elapse before a new growth pokes its head above the skin. Your hair grows fastest during the first few weeks of growth, after which it slows down. Since old hair is constantly drying up and falling out, to be replaced by a new sprout at once, there is no need for alarm if long strands collect on your comb or hairbrush, as long as the hair line isn't receding or the unwelcome bald spot spreading.

A characteristic of human hair which is even more universal than baldness is the graying of hair. Human hair gets its color from a natural pigment called melanin. Like so many other evidences of the body's normal aging processes, as we grow older, we manufacture less and less melanin. As each old crop of hair dies out, therefore, and becomes replaced by a new growth, the new growth may have progressively less and less pigment. Unfortunately, no way has been found yet to stimulate or reinforce the body's decreased production of melanin as we grow older.

Don't be too quick to disbelieve reports to the effect that "So-and-So's hair stood on end." This is much more than a figure of speech. It does happen, and can be made to happen experimentally. For, at the base of each hair fiber there is attached a tiny mus-

cle. Any number of things, from an electric shock to Frankenstein, may activate these tiny muscles in such a manner that they make the hair stand straight out.

"What can I do about keeping my hair?" I asked a doctor friend at McGill university.

"Keep your head, for one thing," he replied. "Don't get excited when more hair than usual seems to come out after you brush your scalp, and run out and buy a dozen 'hair tonics.'

"Avoid letting your hair get too dry; work into it occasionally a drop or two of olive oil. And by all means be particular about what you load it down with. Most important of all, if your conscientious efforts to prevent yourself from falling out with your hair fail miserably, take it like a man and blame your baldness on your ancestors, who won't object to being blamed at all."

This Struck Me

In days when people live so much for themselves it is refreshing to read something that recaptures the spirit of Christian unity. Raoul Plus believes that after 1900 years too few Christians completely accept the higher standard set up by the New Commandment that we love one another as Christ loved us. To accomplish this almost miraculous change in human thinking we need to have a miracle performed on us; but we are the beneficiaries of that miracle—the sacrament of the Holy Eucharist. Perhaps we have just forgotten to think of It as the sacrament of unity.*

There is one point in the Mass where the cordial union of all those assembled there is publicly displayed—that is, in high Mass at the moment preceding the Communion. A sign is given to denote the union of all men; this sign is the kiss of peace. The celebrant has already kissed the altar, then one by one, from the deacon to the subdeacon, the altar servers and the choir, and in some places it passes down the nave to the last of the congregation hidden in a distant corner; a wave of brotherly love flows from the altar to the furthermost pillar. Each of the faithful places his arms on the shoulders of his neighbor, attaching himself to him as the mountaineer is linked to his fellow for a stiff climb; in this case the object is to rise up to God, with His Son, who a moment earlier was raised aloft by the hands of the priest at the solemn moment of elevation. The paths are narrow, but the hesitating footsteps are strengthened by the more assured; he who wavers is supported by the whole of the assembly, each sharing the benefit of the solidarity of the common brotherhood.

**Christ in His Brethren.* (1947. Grail Press, St. Meinrad, Ind.)

For similar contributions of about this length with an explanatory introduction $25 will be paid on publication. We are sorry, but it will be impossible to acknowledge or return contributions. Acceptance will be determined as much by your comment as by the selection.

Separation of child and bus

Tax Money *and* American Children

By JOHN A. O'BRIEN

Condensed from the *Christian Century**

THE relations of Church and state in the field of American education has in recent months been discussed with such acrimony as to cause new tensions. Actually, the problem can be solved only by reason and intelligence accompanied by mutual good will. If a case cannot be made on thoroughly logical grounds and on considerations of justice and fairness, without appealing to religious prejudice, then the case should fail.

Those who would deny public-welfare benefits to children attending nonprofit semipublic schools under religious auspices generally have one or more of the following assumptions as the grounds of their opposition.

1. The assumption that Catholics do not really believe in the separation of Church and state, nor in religious liberty, nor in equality of treatment for all. Many Protestant spokesmen think that the hierarchy is seeking to maneuver the Catholic Church into a position of special favor and privilege. Witness, they say, the presence of the President's personal representative at the Vatican.

2. The assumption that Catholics have no stake in the public-school system, no interest in its development, and actual hostility towards it.

3. Assumption that the religious school is not rooted in American tradition and is alien to the ideals of the Founding Fathers.

4. Assumption that the 1st Amendment to the Constitution establishes "the principle of complete separation of Church and state" and compels government, both federal and state, to be indifferent to the religious welfare of the citizens.

5. Assumption that extension of the benefits of public-welfare legislation to children attending nonprofit, semipublic schools under religious auspices is taking Protestant tax money to educate children in the Catholic religion.

Contrary to the impression of many Protestants, Catholics believe as strongly as any group in separation of Church and state in America. Whatever historical conditions prompted union of the two in Europe, such conditions certainly do not prevail here. Long ago Cardinal Gibbons expressed the conviction of American Catholics.

"The separation of Church and state in this country seems to Catholics the natural, the inevitable, the best conceivable plan, the one that would work best among us, both for the good of religion and of the state. American Catholics rejoice in our separation of

*407 S. Dearborn St., Chicago, 5, Ill. May 19, 1948.

Church and state; and I can conceive of no combination of circumstances likely to arise which should make a union desirable either to Church or to state. For my part, I should be sorry to see the relations of Church and state any closer than they are at present. I thank God we have religious liberty."

The conviction he expressed has been deepened, and strengthened by passing years. Never have I heard a Catholic question it.

Furthermore, Catholics believe in equality of all churches before the law. Like other Americans, their policy is simply: no discrimination, no favoritism; equal treatment and equal rights for all. Incidentally, the sole test of the wisdom of the President's appointment of a personal representative to the Vatican would seem to be the assistance thus rendered in promoting this nation's interests.

The second assumption would seem to be based on the idea that all Catholic children are in parochial schools; hence Catholics are intruding when they discuss public-school matters. The truth is, however, that only a minority of Catholic children are in parochial schools, and the percentage attending Catholic secondary schools and colleges is even smaller. Catholics have an enormous stake in the public-school system. They are proud of its accomplishments and profoundly interested in its growth and development. Since they pay taxes to erect and maintain public schools they have every possible incentive to be solicitous for their continued improvement.

The third assumption is likewise erroneous. Practically all the schools in the colonies and in the early states were religious schools supported by public funds. They represented the common form of government-supported educational establishment until the great waves of immigration began in 1848. The newcomers brought a great variety of religious faiths, making it increasingly difficult for schools to teach a religion acceptable to all. Thus was born the public-school system which excluded religion. It was a late arrival, a radical departure from the American tradition. It is an institution never contemplated by the Founding Fathers. Nor has it ever seemed to great numbers of people of all faiths to be the ideal solution. Rather than have their children denied religious education, Catholics at enormous expense established schools where the truths of the Christian religion could be taught along with other subjects. Devotion to country, duties of citizenship, and respect and esteem for people of other faiths and races are inculcated from the 1st grade to the last. Catholic schools meet the highest standards of the secular branches. Their graduates follow successfully, frequently with distinction, the courses in the public high schools and tax-supported colleges to which the majority subsequently go.

Now a word about the 1st Amendment and separation of Church and state, and recent Protestant literature which speaks of "the great American principle of complete separation of

Church and state." The amendment should not be stretched to unrealistic extremes nor used as an iron curtain behind which the government stands in utter indifference to all religion—an indifference now tortured by some into practical hostility. It simply declares, "Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion or prohibiting the free exercise thereof." Its purpose, as the record of the debates upon it makes unmistakably plain, was to prevent the new national government from imposing upon a people of various faiths (chiefly Episcopalians, Congregationalists, and Quakers) any one religion. The prohibition was laid solely upon Congress. The states remained as free as ever to maintain their established churches, to disestablish them or to create new ones. The Supreme Court interpreted the 1st Amendment that way as late as 1845 in the Permoli case. The amendment expresses no cold indifference to the religious welfare of citizens nor does it prohibit the states from assisting in the religious education of children. The right of parents to educate their offspring in schools of their own selection is a constitutional right affirmed in a unanimous decision by the Supreme Court in 1924 in the memorable Oregon case. The Supreme Court decision in the New Jersey bus case breathed economic reality into the abstract constitutional right. It affirmed the constitutionality of New Jersey statutes authorizing reimbursement for transportation costs of parents whose children were attending either public schools or other nonprofit schools. Out of $8,034 thus disbursed by New Jersey, but $357 went to the parents of 21 children attending nonprofit schools. Not a penny was paid to any parochial school. The legislation was public-benefit legislation, designed to enable children of every faith to reach their schools safely. The direct and immediate benefit, the court ruled, was to the children and their parents.

Why all the hue and cry about the decision? What is unfair about it? Aren't the public highways with their swift traffic a menace to the life and limb of a little Catholic child as well as to children of other faiths? Should the Catholic child be crippled and maimed or perhaps killed because she tries to exercise a right, not merely a privilege, guaranteed her by the Constitution?

But such transportation, answer some, indirectly benefits the school she attends. Then, why not deprive her of the right to walk on the paved highway, since that also indirectly benefits the school? Why not forbid her the use of the highway entirely and compel her to climb the barbed wire fences and walk over the farmers' fields, and then arrest her for trespassing? There would be as much logic and justice.

The Kentucky court of appeals recently upheld a state statute authorizing the transportation of children to either public or nonprofit schools. Judge E. Poe Harris analyzed the issue with admirable penetration.

"It cannot be said with any reason or consistency that tax legislation to provide our school children with safe transportation is not tax legislation for a public purpose. Neither can it be said that such legislation, or such taxation, is in aid of a church, or of a private, sectarian or parochial school, nor that it is other than what it designs and purports to be, legislation for the health and safety of our children. The fact that in a strained and technical sense the school might derive an indirect benefit from the enactment is not sufficient to defeat the declared purpose and the practical and wholesome effect of the law."

To grant assistance of public-benefit legislation to some children and deny it to others because of differences of faith or school attendance is an unfair discrimination. It is wholly un-American. It is a dagger aimed at the heart not only of Americanism but of Christianity. In a decision upholding the law providing free textbooks in secular subjects for nonprofit religious schools as well as public schools, the Mississippi supreme court said, "The state is under duty to ignore the child's creed but not its need. The state which allows the pupil to subscribe to any religious creed should not, because of his exercise of this right, proscribe him from benefits common to all."

There is also the matter of health services. The state deems it in the public interest to provide certain health services for children that they may grow into strong, useful citizens. Hence it arranges for dental and nurse's inspection, chest examination, hot lunches, and so on. By what rhyme or reason should such benefits be offered some children and denied others? Aren't they all children of taxpayers? Isn't the health of all future citizens of concern to the state?

The last assumption is that Protestant tax funds are being used to teach Catholic children the Catholic religion. This surely is unrealistic. By operating their own schools, Catholics save the general public more than $400 million annually. Moreover, the cost of building additional public schools to educate the millions now enrolled in elementary church-related schools alone would amount to the staggering total of $1,101,089,489! (These computations are based on figures compiled by the U. S. Office of Education.) Thus but the tiniest fraction of the vast sums Catholics pay in taxes ultimately benefits their children in the form of public-welfare measures, while hundreds of millions of Catholic tax dollars are used to educate children of other faiths.

In the hue and cry following the New Jersey bus decision, no notice was taken of this tremendous fact. The return of $357 in bus fares to parents of Catholic pupils was loudly bemoaned, but not a single word was said about the hundreds of millions saved for taxpayers that very year by Catholic parents who were concerned to give their children a Christian education. Does it make sense? Is it in accord with the American tradition of justice and fair play? Shall we be out-

done by England, Scotland, and Canada, which allocate a part of the taxes for the benefit of children attending nonprofit, church-related schools?

The eminent Protestant theologian, Reinhold Niebuhr, summed up the Supreme Court's decision in the New Jersey bus case.

"Some issues must be decided from the standpoint of the wisdom of the policy rather than legalistically. Since Catholics pay school taxes and tax themselves in addition to maintain their parochial school, it would hardly seem too great a concession to permit the use of state school buses for their children. At any rate, the argument that this policy imperils democracy is a hysterical one. There is no other democracy in the world that does not go further in the use of state funds for the support of religious instruction."

The churchmen who have launched plans for raising huge sums to agitate for denial of public benefits to children attending nonprofit, semipublic schools are rendering a singular disservice to America in an hour of urgent need for national unity. The ugly passions crystallized in Know Nothing movements, the APA, and Ku Klux Klan may be bred anew. Christian unity will be impaired, Christ's law of love will be forgotten, and after the damage is done Americans shall have to learn once again to live together in peace and concord.

The whole situation, bristling with suspicion, fear, misunderstanding and rancor, brings out vividly the results of the regrettable aloofness in almost every community of the representatives of the three major faiths. Catholics, Protestants and Jews must meet together, not to discuss theological differences, but to find ways of working with each other for the common welfare. What could not Protestants, Catholics, Jews and all people of good will accomplish in the struggle for peace, good government, clean politics, decent communities, if only they could banish fears and suspicions, really know one another and work together for the common good!

Down to Earth

AT THE burial of medieval Hapsburg monarchs in the vault of an ancient church in Vienna, the funeral procession would find the gate closed. A monk would ask, "Who seeks admittance here?" Conforming to the ritual, the attendant would reply that the Emperor of Austria, Hungary, King of Bohemia, etc., piling on all the titles, was at the gate. The monk would reply, "We know no such man." Finally, the attendant would say in deep humility, "A miserable sinner craves admittance to rest." Then, and then only, would the gates swing open to receive the majestic remains.

From "The State in a Democracy" by Dorothy Thompson in *Vital Speeches of the Day* (15 April '48).

Shut in, but not shut off

Broken Bodies

By DON E. HALL

Condensed from the *Savior's Call**

AFTER a hit-and-run driver struck him in 1940 trouble came fast and thick for Robert Altimus of Sioux City, Iowa. Destined to remain in bed for the rest of his life, he found his only consolation in his five children. "I must keep on living," he told himself over and over. "It's up to me to give them faith, to rear them as God-fearing, respectable citizens."

Shortly afterwards his mother died. Some time later his brother was killed in the war. Finally, his family started to break up. About this time he had lost all hope, and in his own words, "didn't care if the world ever went around again." But let him continue.

"Then, just at the time of my deepest despondency, I received a letter from Mary Ellen Kelly asking me to join her League of Shut-in Sodalists. I snapped at the chance much as a drowning man clutches at a straw. Through my correspondence with other league members I gradually began to get the strength that I needed. Each letter that I received read, 'We are praying for you'; each note showed me that I was not alone. From them all I learned the secret of happiness and suffering and an ideal philosophy of life. Today, thanks to the league, I have more true friends than I ever had in my life."

The League of Shut-in Sodalists is a remarkable organization. Under the spiritual guidance of a legless Jesuit this unique group today reaches into 30 states, Canada and England. Barely two years old, it boasts a total membership of 210 hardy souls who have banded together in the belief that invalidism is a blessing rather than a curse. As a result the shut-ins have literally formed a chain of prayer directed, not towards their own physical recovery, but primarily for those too busy to pray for themselves. And the person singularly responsible for this magnanimous apostolate is President Mary Ellen Kelly, who founded and provided the movement with the necessary impetus.

Now 24 years old, Miss Kelly was stricken with arthritis in her early teens and has been bedfast for eight years. The idea of a "sick sodality" came to her on New Year's day, 1944, at St. Joseph's hospital in Sioux City, Iowa. After working out a detailed plan, she sent it to Sodality headquarters at St. Louis, Mo. Such famous Jesuits as Father Daniel Lord and Father Roger Lyons heartily endorsed her idea, but suggested that a league

*Salvatorian Fathers, St. Nazianz, Wis. June, 1948.

be formed rather than a sodality so as not to be bound to diocesan limits.

Making contacts with other shut-ins did not prove too difficult for Mary Ellen, and the necessary quota of charter members was soon enrolled. Bishop Heelan of Sioux City officially approved the league and appointed Father Schulte of Regis college, Denver, its spiritual moderator. Father Schulte, who is 65, has both legs amputated.

That same month marked the appearance of *Seconds Sanctified,* the group's bi-monthly newspaper whose first 50 copies were mimeographed by a local Swedish minister.

Slowly but surely the wheel-chair brigade (members' nickname for their organization) expanded. Today, New York state leads with 21 members; Missouri, with 20, is running a close second; and Iowa and Kentucky are tied for third position with 19 each.

Purpose of the League is to unite shut-ins in meditation, prayer, and suffering for the greater honor and glory of God. There are no initiation fees nor monthly dues. But members make seven pledges. 1. To be ever resigned to the will of God. 2. Daily to consecrate all sufferings to our Lady. 3. To honor Our Lady of Fatima, the Sodality's patroness, one day a month. 4. To dedicate the Sundays of the month as follows: first, for the sick and dying; second, for those laboring in the mission fields; third, for the Pope's intentions; fourth, for every soul on earth or in purgatory that needs help. 5. To set aside 15 minutes each day for mental prayer. 6. To say a weekly Rosary for those killed in the war, for a lasting peace, and for the conversion of Russia. 7. To recite the prayer of St. Francis of Assisi daily.

The shut-ins have become so accustomed to this schedule that they look upon their promises as a mere skeleton of their spiritual life. In addition, they receive the sacraments frequently, make personal acts of mortification, participate in special devotions, and do everything else possible in reparation, adoration and supplication.

Through a plan of associate membership, nonsodalists may be enrolled as "Friends" of the League. This setup provides for the enrollment of many special cases including seriously afflicted men. Twenty-three-year-old Rev. Mr. John Tracy of Gabriels, N. Y., whose priestly studies were interrupted by consumption, and Ted Connors of Leadville, Colo., a paralytic for the past eight years, are two of this minority group. The organization, however, is continually endeavoring to enroll more masculine shut-ins, particularly the permanently disabled war veterans.

Ages of the Sodalists and Friends range from nine-year-old Alice Valdez, who has been afflicted with a strange paralysis, to "Grandmother" Higgens, 92-year-old New Jerseyite, who attended daily Mass for 55 years prior to her disability. The rolls are continually mounting; one issue of the shut-ins' paper listed a total of 23 new members.

As might be expected, correspondence is the tie that binds them in one

large family. In addition to round-robin letters, the shut-ins correspond between themselves frequently, sharing each other's cross, and offering bits of encouragement.

The so-called personal touch makes the league unique. No other unit in the country (with the possible exception of Alcoholics Anonymous) can claim even to rival this vital soul-warming person-to-person basis.

Although removed from the affairs of the world, the members have not gone into seclusion. They take animated interests in the political, economic and social life as well as of things religious. In copies of *Seconds Sanctified* (circulation now 500) a writer discusses Communism vs. Prayer; another depicts the crying need of a home for adult spastics; and still another comments on the regrettable spread of racial prejudice.

The shut-ins have several converts. Eugene Gegley, a consumptive member from London, Ky., chose Catholicism as a result of Monsignor Sheen's speeches. Another, Susan Graves of St. Louis, has written a vivid account of her confirmation under the title, *A Night to Remember.*

Many shut-ins are trying their hand at professional writing. President Kelly is probably one of the more prolific. Mary Ellen's writing hours are from 11 A.M. to 6:30 P.M. daily, during which she puts out two weekly newspaper columns, edits *Seconds Sanctified,* and writes magazine articles. In doing her reading research, Miss Kelly, who is practically helpless, turns the pages of books with an electric page turner that a young priest invented for her. She is able to write longhand only with the aid of others, usually her parents.

Few of the shut-ins can look forward to anything better in the days to come. The ailments of some make medicos pause and wonder, others will live the rest of their lives in darkness, and for still others, the years will bring nothing more than pain and more pain. But through it all the shut-ins have and will continue to retain man's most precious possession—confidence in himself and in his God. Though their life is overcast with one huge dark cloud they know that behind it all there is a silver lining. And that silver lining is eternity, where they will exchange their cross for a crown!

Mission Unaccomplished

THE class, composed mainly of veterans, was taking a psychology exam. One Bright Boy, who literally knew all the answers, began tapping them out in Morse code.

But seconds later an answering tapping came from the instructor's desk. "Too bad, boys; I was in the Army, too."

The *Mundelein College Review* (Summer '48).

The sowing of the weed

Tobacco Comes to Europe

By JEAN ADHEMAR

Adapted from a book*

Thevet was a learned man and great traveler. Documents recently uncovered by M. Jean Adhemar, librarian of the Bureau of Publications in Paris, prove that it was Thevet who introduced tobacco into continental Europe.

OUTWRITING even the cigarette ads of present-day U.S., Friar André Thevet in the 16th century sent from Brazil to France the astounding information that "the smoke of a weed there is not only agreeable but useful, making the needless humors of the brain disappear by distilling or consuming them. The plant is effective in clarifying thought, in sharpening understanding." His only caution was that abuse of the smoke would make a man drunk.

He saw the Brazil natives rolling the dried leaves of the *petun* plant into shapes the size of a candle, lighting one end and inhaling the smoke. He tried it himself—and got sick enduring "sweating and weakness to the point of swooning." But he bravely tried again and acquired the habit. He brought seed back to France, cultivated the plant and named it *angoulmoisine* after his native city, but his promotion efforts were so poor that for a considerable time the only use made of the plant was in decorative hedgerows.

Jean Nicot stole most of Thevet's thunder, even apart from furnishing the root for the word *nicotine,* when he devised a use for the plant as a medicine in the form of snuff. One of his letters to the Cardinal of Lorraine assures the prelate that his snuff is "a wonderful and tried remedy for ulcers and fistulae." The plant can be used to cure "all wounds, sores, cancers, rashes and other such accidents to the human body; it can also be used effectively for migraine and ordinary headaches." Nicot called his drug *nicotaine* in a dictionary of the French language which he himself published in 1606. He got it introduced into the French court through the Cardinal's younger brother. It became popular with the courtiers after the Queen Mother Catherine de' Médicis was relieved of neuralgia, as she thought, by its use. Soon one of the courtiers announced it had cured his asthma. Jacques Gohory, the queen's doctor, approved it to the extent of proposing that the drug be named *médicée,* after the queen.

The success of Nicot threw Thevet into oblivion. When Thevet protested, proclaiming his priority, he was laughed out of court, and his *angoulmoisine* plant with him. Lery, who

*Frère André Thevet. *Editions Franciscains, Paris.*

certainly must have seen the natives of Brazil smoking as well as Thevet did, called him a liar. Neander accused him of circulating "old wives' tales." Thevet cried his betrayal to high heaven, shouted his contempt for Gohory, that "quack Parisian" who got the idea of calling the Florida plant *médicée.* He fumed in his journal, "I can boast that I was the first man in France to have brought the seed of this plant here and also to be the first to have grown it. Since then, a man who never was in Brazil [Nicot], ten years after my return, gives the plant his name."

Thevet was correct. It surely was he who introduced tobacco to France. The German sailors and Sir Francis Drake who were a little ahead of him saw in it only a decorative house plant. Thevet was the first to tell the French about the pleasures of smoking, although France was a good deal behind other nations in smoking. The Spaniards, who found the plant on the island of Tobac (whence the name) smoked; the Portuguese snuffed; Sir Walter Raleigh had already established the use of *petun* in England. The papal legate to Lisbon, the Cardinal of Sainte-Croix, had brought it to Italy, where it was called the Holy Plant, or the Plant of Sainte-Croix *(Herba Sanctae Crucis).* And in spite of Thevet, tobacco was never really used in France except as snuff and as a medicine until the end of the 16th century.

Jacques Gohory, the author of a treatise on *petun* in 1572, quotes its use for sores and ulcers by applying the dried leaves. The proprietors of medicinal-plant gardens, doctors, and apothecaries, cultivated it. So did Chapelain, senior doctor to the king (d. 1569), the lawyer Tusan, the lord of the manor of la Brosse, and Gohory himself. There is some *petun* in the book in the Louvre containing drawings of plants around the portrait of the apothecary Pierre Quthe. Quthe was much interested in "rare medicinal plants, exquisite and endowed with singular powers." Thevet, who knew Quthe, could very well have given it to him. After Gohory, Evrart, in 1587, considered tobacco a medicinal plant, a panacea that cured "catarrh, inflammation of the eyes, deafness, headache, ulcers, and scrofula." Nevertheless, the doctors, of whom not a few persistently protested the medicinal use of tobacco, succeeded around 1590 in making their patients give it up.

After that it was used only for pleasure. Snuffers carried a supply of it with them in their comfit boxes or *tabaquières;* smokers used it in their pipes (called cornets, from their horn shape) or in huge cigars which were called *cigales.* Pipes and *cigales* came into use especially among the young men and the military. In 1590 Guillaume de Mera, a Flemish doctor, saw some French students at Leyde smoking cigars made with "funnels and twisted leaves." He decided to imitate them, but he gave up when it gave him a stomach ache, made him drunk and dizzy. Officers introduced cigar

smoking into Belgium, particularly in Chimay, in 1595.

Merchants began trading in it. There were several tobacco merchants in Paris at the beginning of the 17th century. All classes of society took up smoking or snuffing with equal enthusiasm. Doctors began to worry. Neander warned smokers that "tobacco smoke can diminish the years of one's life." Moralists were indignant. It isn't bad enough, they said, that we have to watch river pilots and soldiers smoking who have some excuse for it because they are overworked and tired out; it is too much that we must watch noblemen of the highest rank, persons who keep respectable company, men and women of good manners, imitate them; even priests, in Spain, who use it while preaching and "make no scruple of having the *tabatière* (tobacco container) open before them." But those injured souls could not halt the movement, and men would snuff and above all smoke more and more, with never a thought, alas! for poor Thevet.

Ashamed to Say Yes, Ascared to Say No

SMALL, twinkle-eyed George Antonio Laberge of Rhode Island is the only American Catholic priest in Moscow.

Recently on the *Red Arrow,* night train from Leningrad to Moscow, Father Laberge was assigned to a compartment with three women. Such scrambled bookings are not unusual on Russian trains, but these women were no ordinary travelers. They were party members, and the opportunity to cross-examine a priest delighted them. Asked one, "Now tell us the truth. Do you really believe the Pope is infallible?" Said the priest, "Yes, in matters of faith and morals, the Pope is infallible." But he continued, "I'm going to ask you a question, and I warn you to be careful of what you say. Do you believe that Stalin is infallible?"

The laughter died to a strained silence. Father Laberge began reading his breviary. Nobody asked him any more questions for the rest of the trip.

Time (7 June '48).

The Hospitaller Brothers

of St. John of God

Condensed from a pamphlet*

In the year 1521, Spain was at war with France with the fighting mainly around the Pyrenees mountains. In one battle a 26-year-old Portuguese soldier on the Spanish side was thrown violently from his horse and injured. As he lay on the mountain slope far from help he reviewed his life and promised God that if his life were spared, he would make better use of it than he had done. His prayer was heard. A rescue party unexpectedly arrived on the scene.

His whole life had been in many ways adventurous. He was born in a country village in Portugal and when eight years old was taken by a traveler to Spain. He never returned home. He was brought up by a farmer and for many years tended sheep on the hills. He volunteered as a soldier when France invaded Spain. After the campaign and his conversion he returned to his sheep for a while but later joined the crusade which overthrew Turkish power in Europe.

On his return he was listening one day in Granada to a sermon on the love of God. He became so impressed by a sense of his own sinfulness that he started to beat his breast in the street and proclaim himself a sinner. The riffraff of the town, taking him for mad, pelted him with refuse. But the worse they treated him the more he cried out that he deserved it. Kinder persons finally rescued him from the hands of the crowd and took him to a hospital. Believed mad, he was given the treatment then applied to the insane: he was kept in chains in a cell and once a day brought out into the courtyard and severely flogged. This went on for some months until at last his spiritual director obliged him to demonstrate his sanity and give up his self-imposed penance.

While in the hospital he had noticed how the patients were neglected. In the streets he saw cripples and beggars huddled at church doors and lying in the gutters. The conviction grew on him that God wanted him to devote himself to their care.

A few weeks later he opened a hospital in Granada. It was only a dwelling house. The 40 beds it contained were got on credit. He set about filling

*2445 South Western Ave., Los Angeles, 7, Calif. 1947.

it with patients. His method was to walk about the streets until he came across a sick man and then carry him home on his shoulders.

The days went by all too quickly. Food had to be cooked and served, wounds dressed, beds made, wards swept. He did all the work single-handed. There was no income either. The hospital depended entirely on charity. Every evening he set out with a basket on either arm. He walked through the streets crying, "For the love of God, brothers, do good to yourselves."

There were many people in Granada who disapproved of his hospital. They affected not to believe in his holiness and put his charity down as being only a form of eccentricity. He bore criticism without complaint, but the Archbishop of Granada decided to see the hospital for himself. He was surprised at the cleanliness and good order that prevailed. The only objection the archbishop had was to the ragged clothes John was wearing, for he was in the habit of changing clothes with the beggars in the streets. The archbishop gave him a Religious habit and obliged him to wear it always. He also made him use the name of John of God.

Granada could not provide sufficient alms for the needs of his sick and poor. He set out on foot to beg for them at the court of Spain and at the castles of the nobles. When finally he acquired several helpers in his work, he gave them habits like to his own. He also had to move to a bigger hospital to meet the needs of all the sick who flocked to him.

Although John was endowed with a robust constitution, his superhuman labors and mortifications had undermined it. He died on March 8, 1550, at the age of 55.

But his work did not die with him. As if John were assisting from heaven, large numbers of men came to devote their lives to the care of the sick. They opened hospitals in all the large towns of Spain. The King of Spain built one with 400 beds in Madrid.

John of God had never intended to found a Religious Order. He had simply gathered a few followers to help him in his work; but as their numbers grew, they were formed into a Religious Congregation of Brothers. Pope Pius V approved them and gave them the Rule of St. Augustine.

In 1571 the Brothers opened their first hospital in Italy, in Milan. It was presented to them by Don John of Austria to commemorate the victory of Lepanto. Two of the Brothers had acted as nurses on his flagship.

The founder was beatified in 1631 and canonized in 1690. His feast is celebrated on March 8.

The Order spread rapidly throughout Europe and America. In Spain, the land of its birth, the Brothers founded hospitals in all the big towns. They also crossed over to South America and did missionary work among the Indians. Less than 100 years after St. John of God's death there were 38 hospitals of the Order in Spain and 41 in South America.

The Brothers made remarkable progress in Italy. By 1650 they had 66 hospitals. Queen Mary of Medicis was so favorably impressed by the Brothers' devotion to the sick that she invited them into France and built a hospital for them in Paris. In the course of time the Brothers founded 38 hospitals in France.

In 1605 the Emperor of Germany invited them to Austria to found hospitals. One of the Brothers who responded, Gabriel, was a famous professor of surgery, who in the world had been the Count of Ferrara. Under the royal patronage hospitals were opened throughout all parts of Central Europe.

The Brothers did all the nursing and some of them were physicians and surgeons. The larger hospitals conducted medical schools in which the Brothers taught and made notable contributions to medical science.

Many hospitals were lost to the Order during subsequent political upheavals. In most cases the Brothers were able to make a fresh start when times became more favorable. In France, for instance, all the Brothers were dispersed and their hospitals confiscated during the French Revolution. Thirty years later the Order was restored.

The Order today possesses the following provinces: Italy, Spain, Portugal, South America, U. S., Canada, France, Bavaria, Poland, Bohemia, Moravia, Jugoslavia, Ireland-England, Australia and Africa. The U. S. province was founded in 1941 by Brother Matthias Barrett, former Provincial of Canada. Its address for correspondence is 2445 South Western Ave., Los Angeles, 7, Calif.

The Hospitaller Order of Saint John of God is a Religious Order, strictly so-called. Its members make profession of solemn vows. It is a lay Order, that is to say, its members are Brothers. By special privilege of the Holy See some of the Brothers are elevated to the holy priesthood in order to act as chaplains in the hospitals and other institutions of the Order, but the superiors are chosen from among the Brothers. The priests may not act as superiors without a special dispensation from the Holy See. In well established provinces a number of the Brothers are physicians, surgeons, pharmacists and chemists. In all the provinces nursing schools are attached to the hospitals and the Brothers qualify as trained nurses.

The principal work of the Order is nursing the sick. The Brothers nurse in their own hospital-monasteries, but not elsewhere. They care only for male patients. Under the term *sick* is included every kind of disease. Thus the Order conducts general hospitals, orthopedic hospitals, nursing homes, sanatoria and various kinds of institutions for epileptics, mental defectives, cripples and the blind. In addition, the poor and homeless, as well as delinquent boys, are cared for in night shelters and hostels and in homes for delinquent boys.

A young man, upon entering the Order, is a postulant for at least three

months, living the life of a Brother but wearing civilian clothes. When he enters the novitiate, he is clothed with the habit of the Order. The habit consists of a tunic of black woolen material, a leather cincture, a crucifix and a black scapular with cowl attached. The novitiate lasts one year. The novice spends this time under the direction of the novice master and is carefully trained in the Religious life. It is a period of probation and if a novice does not feel that he is called to the life he is free to leave at any time. Likewise, if unsuitable, he can be sent away.

Simple profession follows. It is made for a period of three years or until the age of 24. The first year of vows is spent in the novitiate. Solemn profession is the final step. By this a Brother binds himself to God and to the Order forever.

Those who enter the Order under the age of 17 proceed to the juniorate. There they follow the prescribed course of studies required by the state as well as prepare themselves for the life of a religious. They are called aspirants.

Most of the houses of the Order are combined monasteries and hospitals. In order that the Brothers may be able to perform their duties efficiently, they are given special training and qualify for a registered nurse's certificate. All are not engaged directly in nursing the sick. Some are employed in the kitchen, the laundry, the office or attend to the gardens and grounds. In some institutions they teach trades of various kinds; in others they do social-service work. Taking a casual glance at a Brother, dressed in his white nursing habit, attending the sick, one might be led to believe that nursing comes easy. Nursing, of course, has its difficulties. Some of the work is repugnant to human nature. The sick are not always grateful. It is work that requires a great deal of self-sacrifice, indeed.

The spirit of the Order is contained in its motto: Charity. During 400 years members have striven to imitate the charity of their holy founder. They have devoted themselves to the alleviation of every kind of disease that human flesh is heir to. They have cooled the heated brows of the fever-stricken and whispered words of consolation into the ears of the dying. They have bent over the loathsome sores of the leper and labored among the pest-stricken often at the cost of their own lives. What is perhaps more crucifying still to poor human nature, they have spent long years in the wards of their mental hospitals bestowing a mother's gentle care on the poor beings deprived of reason.

The care of bodily ailments is not the Brothers' only object. They tend the body with the hope of doing good to the soul. Nursing carried out in the right spirit can be a fruitful apostolate. Patients who remain cold and even hostile to the exhortations of the priest are often won over to God by the charity and kindness of those who nurse them. The Brothers' spiritual mission is to pave the way for the

priest. It is not their task to engage in long arguments or discussions on religion. They work for souls by their personal holiness, their unfailing kindness and devotion.

Besides the three vows of poverty, chastity and obedience, members of the Order take a vow of hospitality which binds them to look after the sick. The vow can demand heroic sacrifices, for the Rule is that the Brothers must be prepared to look after the sick even at the peril of their lives. During the recent troubles in Spain, 98 of the Brothers lost their lives at the hands of the fanatically communist revolutionaries because they would not abandon their patients.

"Everyman" up to date

Labor Goes to Church

By WILLIAM CARROLL, S.J.

Condensed from the *Messenger of the Sacred Heart**

In Sacred Heart church in Petit-Colombes, industrial suburb of Paris, well known throughout France for its experiments in a new approach to the centuries-old liturgy, you may witness a procession before Benediction unlike anything that has ever crossed your imagination.

At four o'clock sharp, a layman ascends the pulpit. You may be sure he is a workingman (more than likely a taxicab driver, or the neighborhood barber). You will have no difficulty following his clear and vibrant voice as he begins somewhat like this.

"Our life is monotonous and wearisome. Our work is exhausting. Our days are long. We need direction in our work. We need a purpose in life, a sense of the value of our labor."

A moment's hushed silence, and then, while the organ plays a soft interlude, down the center aisle moves the first of a series of tableaux that symbolize the workaday world sanctified by Christ. Carried on the shoulders of men dressed in overalls, you will see a "float" representing the skills and trades of day laborers, hammers and saws, shovels, a wheelbarrow, a miniature Diesel engine.

The procession moves up into the

*515 E. Fordham Road, New York City, 58. June, 1948.

sanctuary. While the tools of trade are being arranged around the high altar, the congregation joins in a hymn.

We need You in our factories;
Be near us in the shops.
Your divine hands once held
The carpenter's plane.

Then, in solemn procession other "floats" move down the aisle towards the sanctuary. Employers and "white-collar" workers are represented by office equipment, typewriter, desk, swivel chair, cash register. Home life is symbolized by kitchen utensils, brooms, mops, and a vacuum cleaner. Childhood finds its symbols in a box of toys, a cradle or baby carriage, and sports equipment. And the parish is represented by a miniature model of the church, flanked by baskets of grapes and loaves of bread, symbols of the Sacrifice of the Mass.

All the while, you will hear a repertory of simple folk chants, with lines like these for mothers.

In our homes, the work is not easy,
The same day after day.
Inflame our mothers' hearts
With the warmth of Thy holy love.

And for children.

In their games, dear Jesus,
Be brother to our little ones.
And, on the altar, offer to the Father
Their smiles and fresh laughter.

And for the family.

Stay by our firesides,
Let Your presence weld together
Our hearts and minds by love,
Authority and obedience.

One by one, the kitchen utensils, children's toys, and workers' tools are grouped in pyramid fashion around the altar in readiness for Benediction. Now, from the side altar, where the Blessed Sacrament has been reserved, the altar boys move forward in procession, with the priest carrying the Host in a monstrance. They proceed down the side aisle and return by way of the center, while the congregation unites in a full-throated chant that has something of a rhapsodic and improvising quality.

Who is this Worker who walks by our side?
Who is this Comrade dressed like a carpenter?
He is Comrade to all trades and professions.
He is Builder of our city.
He is Overseer of all work.
He comes to us each morning.
He comes to give us life.
He comes to give meaning to our day's work.

The celebrant ascends the altar of exposition, and Benediction follows along the usual liturgical lines—but on an altar that earlier in the day parish carpenters had built for the occasion. Parish craftsmen made the crucifix and candlesticks. Parish seamstresses made the altar linens, and at Mass that morning the priest read the Proper and Canon from pages typewritten by parish stenographers. Had you come to this Mass, you might have heard prayers like this one at the Offertory—a litany for workers, chanted to the Gregorian tone of the Roman litanies.

The rhythm of work in the mines,
We offer to Thee, O Lord.
The noise of machines in the shops,
The tools in our hands, like Thine,
We offer to Thee, O Lord.

For several years now, at Petit-Colombes, an experiment has been going on, watched eagerly by liturgical-minded people all over France. Some are openly skeptical, others are shocked, but there is no one who has seen the spectacle of a crowded workers' Mass or afternoon service who does not come away with admiration for the priests who have planned it, and with gratitude for the experience of witnessing the fervor of this suburban parish. Priests and laity are cooperating in a new approach towards re-educating the people to the deep spiritual resources of corporate worship.

It is incorrect to say that the priests at Petit-Colombes have composed a "new liturgy." They know well that the liturgy is a centuries-old treasure which only high ecclesiastical authority can change. But they have coined a new word to describe these functions which unroll inside the church but before Mass or Benediction, "threshold-liturgy" they call it, or "liturgy off-to-the-side." Its single purpose is to recapture the imagination and stir the souls of nonpracticing Catholics or nonbelievers, and thus, little by little, lead them back to a taste for the age-old liturgy of the Mass, the sacraments, and the Church calendar. The parish priests at Petit-Colombes are addressing themselves to a problem which they recognize as local to an industrial suburb, the reconquest of the working classes out of contact with the normal sacramental life of the Church.

Unquestionably, there is something spectacular about such services at Sacred Heart parish. They are, frankly, experimental. And, as with all experiments, there remains the danger of being too showmanlike, or of letting the bizarre distract from the restrained pace of the Roman liturgy. But if reception of the sacraments and crowded church services may be taken as the gauge, then their sponsors can report unqualified success. With ecclesiastical approval, they have published a 235-page book with the texts of 24 "off-to-the-side" liturgical programs (*Fêtes populaires et missionaires*, Paroisse du Sacre-Coeur, Petit-Colombes, France).

To read those texts, with their explanatory notes and "stage directions," is to realize that here is no sporadic effort to tamper with the liturgy. Rather, it is a controlled, prayerful research into new ways of meeting a pastoral problem very urgent in France today: to assemble the working people for community prayer and song in an atmosphere of deep spiritual refreshment. The published texts of the programs is the outcome of several years' serious planning and pooling of ideas and techniques that will appeal to the eyes and ears of a world too long lost to the Church, the world of the proletariat.

The popular services are not planned for the every-Sunday congregation.

An indication of this is the *curé's* decision not to take up any collections. "Collections," he explains, "are all right for regular churchgoers, but we are trying to attract the irregulars, and they don't find collection baskets attractive."

Again, the dramatic presentations are not an every-Sunday occurrence. They are reserved for high occasions, and are planned for carefully by days of preparation and advertising. They may be staged to illustrate an occasional sermon or a series of conferences on Christian doctrine—on the Mass, the sacraments, or the duties of family life. Or they may serve to underline the meaning of a feast day, such as Christ the King, or a liturgical season, Advent, Christmas, and so on around the liturgical calendar. Again, they are employed to impart fresh Christian significance to some national fête—Labor day, Mothers' day, Armistice day, and others.

The sponsors of this popular movement refuse to be called innovators. Rather, they insist, they are trying to recapture something of the imagination of their predecessors in the Middle Ages to whom community worship was a spontaneous experience.

The workers' world is Thine.
The world of the shops and the mines,
The world of desks and stores,
The world of ships and freight yards.

Kid Stuff

THE Sister writes me that she had her class dramatize the feast of the Holy Innocents, and that they did a beautiful job. But as Mary, Joseph, and the Child left their abode, there were sudden, unmistakable sound effects. "Isn't that an airplane?" the Sister asked. "Yes, Sister," said the property man. "But," she protested, mildly, "were there airplanes in those days?" There was a moment's pause. Then, "But it says in the story that they flew into Egypt."

From *Along the Way* (N.C.W.C.) by Daniel A. Lord, S.J. (5 March '48).

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ANN WAS 3 and a devoted radio fan. Right in the middle of her favorite musical program, the radio went dead. Finding a screwdriver, she ran begging me to fix it. I didn't know anything about fixing radios, but felt that the least I could do would be to pretend I did.

"First," I said, "we'll say a prayer for help—to some saint who knows about radios."

I just straightened some wire and pushed down on the tubes, and glory be, it began to work. That evening, when Daddy came home, Ann greeted him with, "Our radio broke today."

Daddy walked over to the radio and turned it on. When it began to play he turned to Ann: "I thought you said the radio was broken?"

"Oh, it was," she said simply, "but mommy and some saint in heaven fixed it. I guess it was that carpenter, Joseph."

Mrs. Thos. W. Callahan.

Perceptible but ineffable

What I Saw at Konnersreuth

By HUBERT J. URBAN, M.D.

Condensed from *Life of the Spirit**

THE judgment upon Theresa Neumann of Konnersreuth, in Bavaria, Germany, pronounced in 1927 by Dr. G. Ewald, of the *Psychiatrisch-Neurologischen Universitatsk* at Göttingen, is still looked upon as a "dogma" in medical quarters. His verdict is *hysteria.*

As a graduate of the *Psychiatrische Klinik* at the University of Vienna, I venture a judgment. At Konnersreuth on Oct. 12 and 13, 1944, I concluded that the diagnosis was wrong.

Popular misconceptions regarding events at Konnersreuth make it necessary to sum up the question from the medical point of view. A sojourn of many years in foreign countries and apprenticeship in the best neuropsychiatric and neurosurgical schools are my qualifications. I speak not so much from professional wisdom, as experience of the facts of Konnersreuth.

Upon arrival there, I presented myself to the parish priest, Father Joseph Naber, in spite of a refusal from the porter. He very favorably impressed me; old in years (he had been parish priest 36 years), he was mentally alert, discreet but warm and expansive, he was certainly a realist and kind, but not "mystical" or *exalté.*

He promised to try to arrange a special meeting with Theresa Neumann. But Theresa liked to hide herself, was difficult to find, and refused most callers. But I had scarcely waited ten minutes in the parlor before Theresa Neumann stood before me. She had called on her sister, who was employed at the presbytery as housekeeper, and I was able to talk with her about three-quarters of an hour.

I did not ask any questions. At first I was too shy to interrogate such a "far-famed phenomenon." In her Upper Palatinate dialect, difficult to understand, she told about a mishap of the day before which Father Naber had mentioned briefly. Theresa had been at her favorite occupation of decorating the high altar, for Adoration day, when a board tilted and she had fallen and hit the back of her head violently. Afterwards she felt numbness, retching, giddiness, swelling, and a painful limitation of movement in the wrist of her right hand; this lasted until the day of my visit.

Father Naber suggested that I examine the injury. I discovered a suspicion of a fracture at the end of the

*Blackfriars, St. Giles, Oxford, England. February, 1948.

right spoke bone. At the same time I had the rare opportunity of examining the bodily frame of the unique "case." First of all there were the stigmata on both hands and feet. These are usually covered by mittens and are on both hands above the third middle hand bone, rather smaller inside than outside, where they are about four-fifths of an inch long and two-fifths of an inch wide. They are set around and covered by a very thin, transparent skin. And it is just the same above the third middle foot bone.

Theresa's behavior was completely unaffected. You would have thought you were dealing with an ordinary country woman, or perhaps with a rich peasant's wife: she was determined, clear, almost vivacious in her primitive way of speaking, strong-boned, about five feet, nine, of healthy complexion, and with strong hands suggesting rustic toil.

A black kerchief revealed only a tuft of gray hair above her well-proportioned face. She wore a black jacket, dark skirt, black apron, and black stockings and shoes. Not a trace of irritation or affectation, not the slightest suspicion of coquetry or "hysteria" in her behavior, still less in her words. Instead, she seemed a simple, unaffected, almost dense country woman, but gifted with mother wit. I had formed quite a different idea and would have been disappointed at this first meeting had it not been for her deep-set, interesting eyes. They suggested that what I saw of her was only a trivial veil, behind which was hidden something extraordinary, distinguishing her essentially from her sister, who had shortly before, at my irritating ring, opened the gate. But the features and build of both sisters were much alike.

The private interview turned mainly upon the use of popular medicine. Theresa Neumann has daily from 10 to 20 child and adult patients, who see her about their injuries, as no medical practitioner lives in the vicinity. They are treated with ointments or, in case of internal diseases, medical herbs. Externally she uses Peru balsam and particularly an alcoholic extract of pine tops (I believe it is called *Spitzel-Wasser,* top water, in her dialect). Another dialect expression frequently used was *Puzzln,* meaning children; therefore she spoke also of (Holy) Mary with the *Puzzl,* and took a lively interest in my *Puzzlin*. Six children did not seem many in her opinion, as her parents had ten, of whom she was the eldest. The next day I met two nephews and a niece, children of her sister. The nephews were unlike twins, and in my capacity as neurologist, I examined one of them, at the request of Theresa Neumann's parents. Thus I met the parents, too, and talked with them for about half an hour. The tranquility and seclusion of the small one-story yellow house with irregular walls was in keeping with their tastes.

On Friday, Oct. 13, Theresa appointed 9:30 A.M. as the time for my visit to her bed sitting room to witness the ecstasies. They usually begin shortly before midnight on Thursday. It was so on this day. We were shown in

punctually. And I here came to the event which I consider the greatest of my career despite a wide and varied acquaintance with such things. I am still today under its influence.

In the left-hand corner of a room large enough to possess two windows, of which the left one was somewhat screened, stood a tall bedstead with white bedclothes. A human being with white headcloth and nightdress reclined there, half-sitting. One saw at first only the white hands with one red spot on the back of each and, also, the face. But what a face: pale, hollow, the nose yellow like wax, boldly protruding, together with the chin, almost as in the case of someone dying. A streak of blood, about two inches broad, reached from both eyes to the lower jaw, growing smaller at the bottom, having stained the brim of the coverlet and the headcloth as well as the sleeves. The streams from the eyes seemed dark red, streaked, and already somewhat dried. Standing near the door, some ten feet from the bed, I stared unflinchingly at the head of the patient, who was obviously very ill. Only with difficulty was it possible to recognize the simple, but healthy-looking Theresa Neumann of the day before. She had reached her *via crucis,* the point just after Christ's first fall. While I was present she witnessed Christ's second fall. The vision was several times so moving that she rose to a sitting position, at the same time keeping her arms slightly bent. It was an attitude of perfect artistry, combined with such grace of movement as may be found only in the suppleness of the Japanese, but which nobody would have expected in the rather uncouth, rustic person she had been the day before.

She groaned intensely several times and murmured incoherent words in her dialect, which sounded still more difficult to understand on that day, though I could detect some resemblance to the dialect of my native country, the neighboring Upper Austria. She mixed the words with bits of sentences in a foreign language, which Father Naber said were Aramaic, according to the expert evidence of philologists. Aramaic was the Hebrew dialect spoken in Palestine in the time of Christ.

The priest said that Theresa was stone blind, an impression she had at once made on me, too. Her half-open eyes looked straight forward or at the coverlet, but frequently to the right, where a cloth hung against the wall. For the rest, one heard only the constant twitter of perhaps more than a dozen birds in a big cage set into the wall. A baroque domestic altar stood opposite the door. The other visitors present now left upon word from the priest, while he suggested that I come nearer the bed and take the left hand of the patient. The stigmata on the hands were not now bleeding, but they appeared more clearly than yesterday, owing to the clarity of the skin. When the priest asked Theresa whether I had been there, she answered that she had talked to me once before. She then told me things of a private nature

about myself and family, partly under questioning by the priest, partly spontaneously. Between two of her answers there was an interval of about three minutes, during which she again went through a stage of the *Via Crucis*, with outward signs of suffering. I bent to within eight inches of her face to see as precisely as possible the bloodmarks and, first of all, where they came from. The blood seemed to come from the spot where the lower lids rise from the cheeks, but also from the cheeks themselves, although a marked bleeding spot was not discernible. It seemed a regular blood weeping, or alternatively, blood perspiration, remotely comparable to the parenchymatous, or soft-tissue, trickle bleeding in the case of operations in a brain-debris cavity, but even more slow and diffuse. When I took my departure at about 10:15, Theresa said, still in her somewhat incoherent manner, "One must pray much, in order to get over the hardships. . . ."

I jotted down what I had witnessed before reading with care what had been written on Konnersreuth. I discovered only trifling differences from accounts of visitors of former times. Though eight years have passed since the last printed publications on Konnersreuth, as far as I can discover the phenomena have not changed at all. Moreover, the events remained the same after the war, as recent visitors report. In the "defense to the bitter end" (April, 1945), SS guns in position against Konnersreuth, hit the small house of the Neumanns.

The absence of the death scene on that Friday morning was unusual, but it was not the first occasion. The visions ceased before the final phase, so Father Naber informed me. The crown of thorns did not appear, i.e., the bleeding from a chaplet of wounds in the head, which, however, leave the forehead always unhurt. The heavy fall on the back of her head two days before might have been responsible; for Theresa had been frequently spared the entire suffering on Fridays when she had been confined by some temporary illness. While I was there she had much pain in her swollen right wrist. But in her ecstasy she did not seem to remember it, because when the priest asked her the reason of the pains in her wrist, she answered (in her dialect), "I don't know."

At midday on that day I spent almost an hour with Father Naber. He reported that Theresa had that morning had a vision about the present Pope Pius XII, to the effect that he was seriously suffering from a liver complaint and his stomach. (Inquiries made at a later date confirmed the exactness of the vision, since the Pope was ill at about that time, but owing to the war details were not then learned.)

Father Naber also brought and showed me the body linen of her Passion. Once a year she witnesses the flagellation of Christ, combined with the crowning with thorns, which cause the stigmata in her hands, feet, and side to open. The white headcloth could be seen with the blood spots corre-

sponding to the crown of thorns; further, a bandage with coagulated blood from the wound of the left breast, where the blood-clot represents a true cast of a wound in soft parts of the body, about two inches long. Innumerable blood spots, about the size of a small palm, repeatedly rimmed and brownish colored, could be perceived on the bed jacket. Particularly large were the traces of the bleeding wounds in the hands, and of the flagellation.

Of course, I saw nothing of the greatest phenomenon, namely, that she has abstained for 21 years (since 1927) absolutely from food as well as liquids, except a few cubic inches of water to enable her to swallow the Host. This "negative" manifestation cannot be examined during a short visit. But neither the personality of Theresa Neumann nor her environment allow me to entertain the slightest doubt of its truth.

At Waldassen, the nearest large town, I examined the original medical certificate and photographs, among them that of the wound of the breast. This was at the house of the Neumanns' family physician. Unfortunately, medical documents regarding her first illness towards the end of the 1st World War are missing, as no neurological examination nor X-ray photographs were made. We can only conjecture today that she had a nervous disease at that time, lasting several years. But the sanitary councillor, Dr. O. Seidl, far surpasses the average country doctor. His rich library, endowed with books on theology and history of art, confirmed me in that opinion, together with a long conversation I had with him, when I learned that he had been occupied for years with para-psychological problems. For example, he had conducted a stomach operation under hypnosis, when ether was unavailable and other modern anesthetics had not been invented.

It is significant in Theresa Neumann's normal psychology that in accordance with her energetic constitution, she can sympathize enthusiastically with a call like Joan of Arc's. This means she is not a natural contemplative. Although the contemplative life forced upon her by her previous ailments and her present extraordinary condition does not suit her, she renounced the practical profession of a missionary Sister and resigned herself to her fate. But the visions cannot be dismissed with the slogan of "autosuggestion," still less can the slogan be applied to the origin of the stigmata in that form, size, and shape. For anything of this nature, produced by hypnosis or autosuggestion (in hysterical persons, for instance) looks, nevertheless, essentially different from hers; so, too, do wounds arising from continuous self-mutilation. In Vienna, during 10 years immediately after the 1st World War, illness was welcome to some unemployed, because it meant living in a hospital protected against hunger and cold. That distress gave the medical practitioner many opportunities, as the army surgeon had in the 2nd World War, to recognize simulation and self-produced ailments.

Theresa's stigmata show two principal differences from ordinary wounds: they do not heal up, and yet do not suppurate, although in no way dressed or sterilized, and show no trace of manipulation or self-mutilation.

They are quite unlike the wounds in the hands of an artist known to me, who night after night had had his hands nailed alternately to a board, using antiseptic precautions. He could regulate the bleeding as he wished; but this was not of much significance, because he belonged to those human beings, particularly rare in Europe, who can influence the rhythm of the heart (and thus the throb of the pulse) arbitrarily.

It is just as mistaken to try to explain the real blood perspiration of Theresa Neumann by so-called *indicans* perspiration. A professional colleague of mine in Vienna has the power of exuding at will a perspiration that looks like well-diluted red ink. Quite apart from its very different local distribution, the exuded red liquid always proved to be a known pigment, but in the case of Theresa Neumann it is undeniably blood.

The case at Konnersreuth represents nothing new, when we consider the many historic instances of people who have received the stigmata and other supernatural powers, and who are found only in the Catholic Church. They number about 300. Forty of them are men, the majority from Romance countries. They begin with Francis of Assisi in the 13th century. Our case is probably the most thoroughly examined and is therefore perhaps the most famous one, but by no means the only living one. It is, finally, only a link in a historically verified chain which will hardly end with Theresa Neumann.

Other cases include Anna Katharine Emmerick (born in Dulmen, West Germany, 1776), stigmatised in 1798, died in 1824; Margarethe Gschir (born in Steinach, Brenner, Austria, in 1798), stigmatised in 1834, died in 1869; Viktoria Hocht (born in Wolpertswende, Palatinate, Germany, in 1867), stigmatised in 1890, died in 1909; Anna Schaffer (born in Mindelstetten, Bavaria, in 1882), stigmatised in 1909, died in 1925.

What physicians can say about Theresa Neumann and her extraordinary phenomena is very meager. 1. It is not a disease, therefore it is not hysteria. 2. It is not humbug. 3. Her concurrent maladies (inflammation of the throat, for instance) are irrelevant and represent ordinary phenomena. Although the diagnosis of her first illness (paralysis, etc.) is not exactly certain, the organic symptoms were so serious and so reliably authentic that the sudden healing cannot be explained medically, i.e., naturally.

What can be done by medical men to change these negative statements into positive ones? Nothing. Just as there would be no sense in trying to explain the deep effect of a Bach cantata on an audience by calculating the number of oscillations of the sounds produced, so it would seem impossible to detect the cause of her phenomena

by clinical examinations. For her case is on a different plane, and outside the scope of medicine as understood today. Science can describe, not explain, it.

Flights of Fancy

A searching prairie wind, peering through trees and under every bush, prying into crevices, and exploring open spaces. —*Mabel K. Richardson.*

An old woman fingering her rosary as if she were holding her hand on the latch of another existence.
—*Edward F. Murphy.*

In his 91st year, as frail as a white-haired dandelion ready to go with the first wind. —*Helene Margaret.*

Candles burned like pools of floating stars around the feet of the saints.
—*Caryll Houselander.*

Night had smothered the city, and the city gave up its protest in uncountable millions of bubbles and gasps of light. —*Myles Connolly.*

Children seeped into the procession like wet sand into a hole at the beach.
—*Joseph McDonough.*

Children at play busily acquiring their old-age memories.
—*Marcelene Cox.*

Trees twisted and turned from their wonted straightness 'ere they had acquired strength to resist the violence of the storm. —*F. Mayer.*

She replied with a few well-frozen words. —*H. E. Reece.*

Egotists' motto: An I for an I.
—*Hawley R. Everhart.*

Well Defined . . .

Hobby: Work we do for nothing to forget the work we get paid for.
—*Family Circle.*

Modern girl: One who dresses to kill and cooks the same way.
—*Hudson Newsletter.*

Laugh: A smile that burst.
—*Irving B. Spielman.*

Moonlight Moods . . .

The waning moon tilted languorously on its back.—*Mary O'Hara* . . . The moon like a slender shaving thrown up from a bar of gold.—*Joseph Conrad* . . . The full moon, red-faced and jovial, one eye closed in a tremendous wink.—*Vera Tracy.*

Summer Scene . . .

Warm sunshine that makes you feel nicely curled around the edges.—*Peter Cardozo* . . . Corn like green-clad soldiers holding aloft tasseled spears to defend their golden treasure.—*Mrs. E. G. Fraley* . . . A broken-off piece of rainbow left behind from the last storm.—*Mary O'Hara* . . . Rain fingering a summer symphony on the cedar keyboard overhead.—*Adolph Regli* . . . Thin green leaves in the sunlight saturated with gold.—*Caryll Houselander* . . . A gentle rain nibbling at the puddles.—*Michael McLaverty* . . . Birds telling the day how beautiful it was.—*Josef S. Chevalier.*

[Readers are invited to submit similar figures of speech, for which $2 will be paid on publication. Exact source must be given. We are sorry it is impossible for us to acknowledge or return contributions.—Ed.]

A mild manner and a smoking pistol

DE VALERA *Visits America*

By HERBERT A. KENNY

Condensed from the *Ave Maria**

EAMON DE VALERA, leader of the opposition in the Dail Eireann, took his first airplane ride in 1928. The plane had an open cockpit. The pilot was Charles A. Lindbergh; the flight, which took place in Dublin, a fulfillment of a not too serious pledge made the year before at a country fair when Gen. Frank Aiken, minister of finance in his cabinet, and some others urged Mr. de Valera to fly in a plane whose pilot was selling rides.

"I told them that if I had a job to do which compelled my flying I would do it," he related while flying across the U. S., "but I refused to go up. When they kept insisting, I told them, 'There's only one man in the world I'd let fly me and that's Lindbergh.'" The famous pilot had just made his historic flight and had described Ireland as "one of the four corners of the world." The next year, Lindbergh visited Ireland and De Valera was called upon to keep his word. He kept it. He enjoyed the ride, and the little laugh on himself.

"Dev" relaxes little; smiles a good deal. But he is austere. He reminds some Irish newspapermen of Gandhi. Others find in him something that is at least allied to the gaiety of sanctity. The American newspapermen who flew with him from Nashville, Tenn., to San Francisco found him much like a parish priest; dignified, constantly gracious, patient, pedagogic and meditative.

Having carved for himself from the hard granite of Irish history an immortal niche, Mr. de Valera could retire today, assume the role of benevolent elder statesman, and write, and none could justly cavil. He has certainly done his share for the cause of Irish freedom. But no one who knows him is surprised that he spurns adulation. He is pursuing the vindication of a principle; is determined to spend himself in the struggle "to end the British aggression in the North."

To understand De Valera, to appreciate the Irish state of mind regarding the partition of the northern counties, one must realize that the Irish consider the presence of British troops and British law and order there as

*Notre Dame, Ind. May 29, 1948.

unjust aggression, as truly immoral as the nazi invasion of Poland, unjust as the presence of the Russian army in Czechoslovakia.

The defeat of De Valera at the polls (a relative defeat, since his party is still the largest) gave him an opportunity to come again to the land of his birth on what one newspaper called a "sentimental journey." In one sense any journey to the U. S. would be for Dev a sentimental journey, for there is no Irish statesman who can appreciate more than he the value of America's friendship for the Irish cause.

He was born here. The fact of his birth in Manhattan saved his life in 1916 when he was condemned to death with other leaders of the Easter rebellion. Friends in America smuggled him into this country in 1920 when he sought a loan of $6 million. Friends in this country raised the money. Later the same and new friends raised another $8 million. Time and again, before and during the 2nd World War, the presence and power of the great mass of Irish-descended citizens in this country, as well as the counterweight pull of our tradition toward justice for small nations, kept the English from resorting to a rationalized use of force. De Valera's presence in this country some time ago, he repeated over and over, was to respond to an invitation from the people of San Francisco; also while he was here, to thank the people of America for the contributions they have made to the cause of Irish freedom.

De Valera admits he will be very happy if anything he said or did while he was here helps the American people to understand better the injustice of the partition of Northern Ireland. In almost all the speeches he made, from LaGuardia Field to the Press Club in San Francisco and back to Boston, he talked in his pleasant brogue about the partition. He does not plead, argue, orate. He explains. He is confident that once America understands, America will help, not necessarily with financial nor military help, but just with the great impress of public opinion to step up Congress and the British Parliament as well.

Those who remember him when he was teaching at Blackrock college in Ireland say his manner on the public platform today is much as it was in the classroom. He has the pedant's thirst for exactness; his answers have the patient exposition of the teacher. His good humor is uniform, be the question pleasant or pointed. On his U. S. trip he eschewed all mention of domestic Irish politics.

At the Waldorf Astoria in New York, he faced some 50 newspapermen with pleasant anticipation. He sat behind a table, under photographers' lights, on a couch so low that only his shoulders and head were above table level. He wore a rather outmoded black suit. The vest had six buttonholes with a separate slit for a watch chain, but there was no watch nor chain. His only decoration was a small circle of embroidered red thread, the symbol common in Ireland to indicate the wearer speaks Irish.

His simplicity of wardrobe is in keeping with his character and habits. He enjoys the simple life and believes it heightens the pleasure of living. The suite that he and General Aiken occupied at the Waldorf was modest; two bedrooms with a connecting parlor. The parlor overflowed, and he received many of his guests in his bedroom, with the bed still rumpled and his striped pajamas tossed on it.

When he was photographed with the eight-year-old daughter of the Italian consul general (in the interests of Italian relief) he was as gracious as if receiving a princess. There wasn't a hint of "let's get this over with and on to the next case." "Now that you are leaving," he said to her at the last, "I will give you a farewell in Irish." He spoke a few words to her and then told her what they meant.

In the garage under the Waldorf Astoria, Grover Whalen, New York's city greeter, showed him how to sit on the back of the front seat of an open car, to receive the plaudits of the crowd. Dev preferred the rear seat, with Whalen and Aiken.

In Tulsa he was inducted into the Otoe tribe of Indians in a ceremony of such patent commercialism and fantastic ritual that many in the audience were embarrassed. Dev rose above it all and at its finish gave a pleasant little talk recalling his earlier initiation into the Chippewa tribe and the claim it gave him, coupled with his New York birth, to justify his calling himself a "real American." Later he declared that he had never ceased to be a true American, since he had pursued those ideals which America serves.

Dev retains the hankering for the professor's podium, and quiet evenings at the family hearth with his wife. She used to be Jeannie Flannagan, who taught him Irish. She reads to him the plays she writes for children so that they may learn the history of Ireland and its struggle for freedom.

Observing his reserved manner, his gracious bearing, it is difficult to think of him as a stormy revolutionary with a smoking pistol in his hand. It is hard to picture him stepping from behind a bullet-torn barricade in Ringsend and surrendering to the British. It is somewhat easier to hear him say, "I'm De Valera. Shoot me, but spare my men." It is very easy to picture him in the Irish prison awaiting execution when the messenger came with the word that his sentence had been commuted to life imprisonment. He had been reading *The Confessions of St. Augustine*. He stopped reading while the messenger spoke. "Thank you," he said, and returned to his book. Recalling such incidents, seeing him now, one has a feeling that when the northern countries are returned to Ireland, he will say, "Thank you" to the British, and return to teaching mathematics.

In the event that the countries are reunited with the republic in his lifetime there is one thing that he will do among the first things he does: fly to America to tell the American people that all Ireland is free, and to thank them for their sympathy and help.

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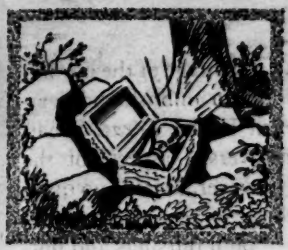

Buried treasure and a sacred trust

Wilderness Grail

By HERMAN S. HUGHES, S.J.

Condensed from the *Jesuit Bulletin**

PERE MARQUETTE belongs in a special way to the Chicago province of the Jesuits: he was the first Jesuit to work in much of what is now province territory. While summering at Villa Marquette on Michigan's northern tip, swimming in the lakes which he traversed, tramping through woods which he had pioneered, I always found it easy to imagine him in that setting, rounding Cat Head point on Lake Michigan's rocky shore. For those shores in many places are still as wild and fierce in their untamed beauty as they were in the days he moved along them with Joliet. The Straits of Mackinac are still the "cold wind-swept waters, blue as the sky and clear as a day at dawn" as he described them.

Recently Msgr. Patrick Dunigan, the late pastor of St. Michael's church in Flint, Mich., gave the province a chalice which very probably belonged to Père Marquette. There is a remarkable story as to how Monsignor Dunigan came by that chalice. In his own words, it goes like this.

I was assigned to duty in the Upper Peninsula of Michigan during the labor troubles of 1912. (Monsignor Dunigan was then chaplain in the National Guard.) There had been much unrest in that portion of the state and the National Guard had been called upon to quell the strikes.

Each morning I celebrated Mass in the tiny church. One morning when I turned to leave the altar, I noticed two elderly Indians watching me from the back row, close to the wall. The next morning they were there again, but had taken seats a little closer to the front. And it seemed to me that they never took their gaze from me all through the Mass. Nearer and nearer they came, a little farther forward each day. I found myself wondering what was behind those keen piercing eyes, what was attracting them to me.

Finally, one morning when they had occupied seats close to the altar, they waited, and after Mass asked if they might talk to me. The taller asked if I were the same kind of priest as the black-robed Fathers who had come to the Indians years ago from over the sea. Was my Church the same Church as theirs? I assured them that I belonged to the same Church as the early missionary priests. The two spoke together in their own language for a moment; then, having arrived at some

**28 E. Jackson Blvd., Chicago, 4, Ill. May, 1948.*

conclusion, the tall one asked me if I would go with them alone into the woods. He explained that they had been custodians of a treasure which they now decided to turn over to me. I was a bit skeptical, but they seemed so anxious and so much in earnest that I set out with them over a trail which led deep into the woods. We finally came to a large tree, and the two paused. Then the smaller one began to explain.

Many years ago, Father Marquette was about to go by canoe to a settlement of unfriendly Indians. Before leaving, he called to him the elders of the tribe with whom he had been living; to them he gave a sacred trust. If he failed to return, he wished them to take charge of his chalice, which was in a case of cypress wood. Their tribe should guard it with their lives as a priceless treasure. If he returned, they would give it back to him. If not, some day they would find a Father of his own Church whom they could trust, and then they were to turn it over to him.

Père Marquette failed to return. Their chieftain appointed three of his men to be custodians of the chalice. When they received it, they were to hide it away in a place known only to themselves. They swore solemnly not to reveal the secret to any other. When one of the three died, the other two surrendered the chalice to their chief. He appointed another group of three to take full charge of it.

This procedure continued through the years. Now one of their committee had just died. The chieftain had been at a loss to find three among the younger men to act with the solemnity that the priceless trust required. The tribe was becoming fewer in number and the young men did not have the same attitude toward the sacred traditions of their people that their forefathers had.

While the chieftain was pondering this problem, I arrived with the soldiers and celebrated Mass daily at the little church which heretofore had afforded only an occasional Mass. The chieftain called the old custodians to him and suggested that they attend each morning and carefully watch the priest who celebrated it. If they decided that he was worthy of the great trust, they might inquire if his Church was the same as that of Père Marquette. If so, they were to take him alone into the woods with them and give into his hands the sacred cup of the black-robed Father.

I listened carefully to their explanation, outwardly calm, inwardly in a turmoil of great excitement. It did not seem possible after all those years that Father Marquette's chalice would actually be found. But the two began to dig away at the black soil at the roots of a great tree. My pulses pounded a rhythm that kept pace with their strokes. One suddenly uttered a grunt of satisfaction. The other sat back upon his heels in Indian fashion and awaited the further uncovering of the ancient cypress box by his companion.

At last the box was brought forth, weather-stained and almost at the end

of its usefulness. But it had lasted long enough. I put back the moldering lid and there before me lay a chalice of silver, though black and tarnished.

With trembling hands I lifted it to the light, and there engraved in a garland about it I saw the delicate tracery of the wild-rose pattern so often used on sacred vessels in the early days. There was no paten nor cross on the base, circumstances which marked it as being of the period of Father Marquette's ministry.

Overcome with emotion, holding the sacred cup in trembling hands, I made a little speech of acceptance to the Indians and thanked them in the name of the Church for so nobly acquitting themselves of their sacred trust.

Monsignor Dunigan bequeathed the Marquette chalice to Manresa Retreat House in Detroit, where it is today, a silver link with the explorer priest Marquette.

What Did . . .

A CARTOON in an independent humorous weekly showed a wall in Italy plastered with the ubiquitous communist denunciations of "Death to De Gasperi!" and other multiple deaths to various members of the government. Pictured walking down the street was an earnest little man carrying a huge placard on which was written, "A slight illness to Togliatti!" In a caption, he explained to a startled citizen on the sidewalk, "The important thing is to begin."

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Information (May '48).

. . . *You Say?*

AL SCHACHT, the Clown Prince of Baseball, was telling the story of a minor-league club owner who was a nice guy, but a braggart. His routine never changed.

"I'm a self-made man," he'd boast. "I was a top-flight big-league ball player in my day, too. That was before I became a successful manager. Now I'm a highly important club owner in the minors." Then, he'd pause for effect and add, "Furthermore, I've got a quarter of a million bucks in the bank."

One day, however, he ran out of unsuspecting victims, but finally cornered the fabulously wealthy Colonel Ruppert, owner of the New York Yankees at that time. The minor-league magnate staggered laboriously through his recital, winding up with the inevitable climactic boast, "What's more, I've got a quarter of a million dollars in the bank right now."

The Colonel was unimpressed. "All right, my good man," Ruppert sighed wearily, "I'll match you for it."

Arthur Daley in the New York *Times*.

Starting from scratch

Mass in the Kitchen

By CLAIRE HUCHET BISHOP

Condensed chapter of a book*

The Seminary of the Mission of France was founded in 1941 for the education of priests to meet paganism. It marked an innovation in seminary life with its future missionaries living together in teams. Thus five or six are together from the start, sharing everything, including money. As one of them put it, "You see, we need Christians who astonish."

The key word at the seminary is *freedom*—they have "left" everything. They do all the manual labor; a superior peels the vegetables with them in the evening as they talk. Summer work in mines and factories builds up the common fund. There are countless proofs that they are renewing things in Christ and creating a new faith. So many French youths are asking to join the movement that there is not room to accommodate them. This is a picture of their life now, today, in France.

I FOUND myself in what might have been a poor worker's dining room. It was very poor and drab, because there has been no soap in France and no paint. There was an old sofa, past repair. I heard a heavy footstep, and the door of the dining room was pushed open and a finely built young workman came in. He was just like any young French worker, with a turtle-neck sweater and patched pants. But no, he was not *quite* like any young French worker, because somehow I knew at once that I should say "Father."

I introduced myself and we shook hands, but he stood there, rather annoyed, and said brusquely, "Look, I'm a factory worker. I'm tired, I was just getting a little sleep before going back to work. That's what I am: a worker, and I *don't* like talking."

I understood. There is nothing the French dislike more, when they are really doing something, than publicity. But I explained that I was not concerned with publicity stunts, nor with him as an individual. I was concerned with learning the truth about France and French Christianity. He sat on the old sofa and we talked. Other members of the team came in. It was toward the end of the day and they were all very tired, but there was a light in their eyes. There was an utter simplicity about them, an earnestness and serene fervor. I felt as if I could not ask any more questions, but I remember saying, "Who cooks for you?" I think that at the time it was the only thing I wanted to do: not ask questions, but cook for them.

Of the five on the team, two were Dominican priests and three secular. Even this was a novelty. There is a belief among the workers that regular and secular clergy do not get along together. Yet there they were, working

*France Alive. *1947. Declan X. McMullen Co., Inc., 225 Broadway, New York City, 7. 227 pp. $3.*

side by side, no one knowing who was pastor—just a team. Living in the rectory was only temporary. Three had just found rooms with workers' families.

The two Dominicans had found boards with which to build a shack. Before living at the rectory, one had received permission to leave off his habit and work as a longshoreman among the waterfront toughs. At first he went home to the monastery at night. But he soon realized that the longshoremen would never feel that he was one of them if he did not live among them. He was permitted to make the change, and I do not know of any more dynamic, straightforward, unsentimental and deeply human a narrative than the account of this new life. There was picturesqueness and pathos and stark tragedy in what he told, yet he managed never to lose sight of his broad objective.

While I was at the rectory, a man popped his head inside the door and said to the priest-worker who was talking to me, "Hey, Jacques, come out a minute, please." And "Jacques" went out. That is the way. Some men call them by their first name and use the familiar "thou," the women say "Father" or "Father Jacques" or, for the Dominicans, "White Father." Willingness to accept the sacerdotal team is due to the removal of all barriers. First, was the barrier of celibacy. The pagans thought it was all a "put-up job," and that the priests were not really faithful to their vows. But when they actually lived and worked in the same quarters day and night, the men had to recognize that they were faithful to them. Moreover, the workers understand readily that, in order to give oneself to a cause, one cannot marry. Even the communist party advises its leaders not to marry. That was easy.

But the main difficulty was money. The team's first move was to eliminate seating arrangements by financial status in the churches, and to abolish fixed fees for ceremonies. There were no more collections. A box was placed at the entrance of the church where people could put in what they wished. This was all a move in the right direction. But for centuries there had been so much "noise of silver" around the altar that the workers were only half satisfied. True, the Church had ceased to be an administrative organization, and the priests were no longer mere functionaries of birth, marriage, and death. But many still said the priests were living on what the workers gave them. It seemed, then, to the team, as to others, that in order to break down prejudices, rehabilitate manual work, and redeem the Church in the eyes of the workingman, the only thing to do was for the priests to make their own living by manual labor.

They are doing it, and will do so for the rest of their lives. The attitude of the population has changed. Sneers are gone, friendly respect has entered, and a sort of wonder: "What manner of men are these?" They seem like anyone else. They stand in line after working hours to get their groceries,

fill their pails of water at the tap in the courtyard, empty their garbage cans, chase the inevitable bedbugs and use the common toilet. Whatever they have, they are always ready to share. And, being workers, they work for the betterment of the proletariat, shoulder to shoulder with the workers. Steadily, surely, the Church of the workers is being built.

It is all new to this particular town; discoveries are being made every day. In the parish church there was a Baptism, and, as one of the godfathers explained to me, "It was in such familiar language! And it was so beautiful! We, how could we know? Before, we never understood anything. At the end, Father said, 'Go in peace, my little Michel.' And he kissed him.

"At a wedding the couple kissed at the foot of the altar. It was all so simple and so engaging. And at funerals the priests explain everything, and they don't go around telling you that everything is all right. They take time to grieve with you, and, when they speak of hope, you don't mind listening, because it is as if they really shared your sorrow. The whole thing is like a big family, and the people respond. As for the priests, they say, 'The thing to do is to humanize the sacraments.' Instead of seeming like automatic distributors of favors which can be paid for, so that the sacraments have come to be mere superstition or magic to the common man, the clergy return to the teaching of the Church and make people feel the need of the sacraments and receive them with an ever-increasing joy of fulfillment. And so the parish church is becoming the Church of the workers, their own assembly."

It is not because I think "the proletariat is an end in itself," as Mauriac would put it, that I am specially concerned with it, but because the whole world is thinking about the workers at this time. Some people think of them with dread, and some with clenched fists. It is all very grim, whether it is fear or violence. But wherever I have been with the teams and with the workers who surround them, Christians and non-Christians, I have found a seriousness which does not exclude gaiety, a bold determination without hatred, and a facing of facts.

It has been long since one has seen in France a white-robed Dominican talking with men in the street. People bring chairs out to the sidewalk, and passersby stop to listen. Who has ever seen a priest discussing the Gospel with other men in the cafes? "The workers have been invited to come and hear about the Gospel in the places accessible to them, each man giving his own point of view. The conversations have been direct and above board. The communists were in the majority." So read the local newspapers in a French town.

And who has seen a team going down into the mines as workmen? Two seminarian-miners were talking to me. One was the son of a railroad worker; the other, a mining engineer. The third I did not meet. All had

worked in the mines for months.

They admitted that the project they have started is pure folly in human eyes. They think that it will take them perhaps 30 years to become competent miners—like the 30 years at Nazareth. They do not contemplate any apostolate, apart from sharing the common destiny of miners, their work, dangers, sorrows, and joys, with the intensity and clear insight which their Christian priesthood gives them.

The team holds all material things in common. In 1946 they rented a small miner's cottage. The three lived there together, pooling everything and keeping open house while above ground. Soon the people were interested, having seen their communal way of life and their readiness to share and lend anything as neighbors. Borrowed money was always returned. They took in a young miner. Soon he was perfectly at home. He used to watch them quietly while they prayed and read the Breviary and the Bible.

By the time the priests left, they had made many friends. They long to go back. They are husky fellows, matter-of-fact and keen of mind. And they are going into the pits for the rest of their lives to bring love, the only deliverer—that which, they say, communism ignores.

Miles away in a large factory town, I knocked at the door of a poor worker's house. A blond, healthy young giant opened the door. He wore a khaki shirt and worker's pants.

"Father 'X'?"

"Yes."

The room was small. There was a little iron bed. A round table stood in the middle. An iron pot sat on a tiny round stove. Photos and pictures hung on the wall. On the table lay a large crucifix and a portable altar. On the little iron bed were spread an alb and chasuble.

"I bet you haven't eaten. You will have supper with us, won't you?" Father "X" had discerned at once that I was not visiting him out of mere curiosity.

The door opened, and Father "T" came in from another factory, looking like a spent young workman at the end of the day. He went up to his room. As usual, the team lived together and had everything in common. By the time he came back we had set the table and put on the soup.

Father "X" spoke of the Mass he had celebrated when he came back from the factory. He had been dressing there in his room and thinking that since no one was coming he might not be able to celebrate, when the door opened and a boy came in. He asked whether Father would go and visit an old sick lady in one of the tenements. And Father "X" said, "Why, of course! And why not celebrate Mass there?"

The boy's eyes widened and he said: "But you can't do that. It isn't done!"

"And who told you so? You'll see." And the boy ran ahead to announce the news. The neighbors cleaned the room and set it in order. Father "X" put everything necessary in his bag and went. The old woman nearly died

of joy. All the neighbors came, overcrowding into the room, spilling over into the hall, standing out on the stairway. It was a wonderful Mass. When he was leaving, some workers asked if he could not do the same at their home another time. Christ had been brought suddenly nearer to them than He had ever been before, and they were surprised, and proud.

Here I was told, as I had been before, how necessary it was that the working class should be made to rediscover the sacraments through the need of them. I was told that the first step toward reawakening spiritual life is friendship, communal Christianity.

While we were eating, the neighbors, men and women, came and went, seeking advice, a chat, a piece of news. When supper was over we sang a joyful song of thanksgiving and washed the dishes. Father "X" quoted a fellow worker at the factory, "So, you're a priest, and you're going to be a factory worker? For how long? A year? Two? Five? Ten?"

"Why, for the rest of my life."

"Well, pal, if you stick it out until the workers' pension, I'll believe."

In the industrial suburb of another large town we crossed a yard and opened a door into a workman's house. About 20 persons, more men than women, were in the kitchen. Steam from the pots on the gas stove gave the only warmth. I knew only one person, but soon we were all talking to one another. It was 7 o'clock, after working hours. Father "N" came in. He had the build of a young peasant (which he was) and the cordiality of a factory worker (which he also was). His dark brown suit and a vivid blue muffler had been given to him. But if, the next day, he found someone in dire need, he might doff everything, even his shoes, and again put on overalls and string-sole shoes. One never looked for the same outfit from day to day. After he had shaken hands all around, he went to a room off the kitchen. After a while he opened the door and we all went in, except a communist friend who was going to watch the cooking during Mass.

It was a small, drab room. Father "N" had vested himself. We stood in a semicircle around the table and Father "N" faced us. We all responded in French, following the Mass in little booklets. During the Canon we answered in Latin. He read the Gospel of the day; then quietly asked, "What do you think of it?" We talked it over, he spoke earnestly seeking to clarify. At the Offertory, a man went around with a little box full of wafers. Those who were to receive Communion would take a wafer, go to the table, and put it on the paten which Father "N" was holding. The Mementos were said aloud in French and anyone who wished could name specific persons. At the Memento of the Living, a sick neighbor was mentioned; Father "N" named the communist comrade watching our supper, and I some American Catholic friends. The same was done at the Memento of the Dead. We were all very near; the living we knew and loved, and the dear ones

passed away. Kneeling on the floor, we received Communion.

"Ite, missa est." Father "N" was radiant of face. "How about a song?"

He started a song written by the popular French composer, Bouchor, on the theme of the Ninth Symphony. While Father "N" removed his vestments, we went back to the kitchen. Our communist friend had everything under control. The men arranged the small tables to make one big one, and everyone helped set out plates, knives, forks, and glass.

It was all very gay. Stories were told, and I think Father "N" had the best ones. But I am sure he regretted asking me to tell them something about America. "Yes! Yes!" demanded the group. "Well," I said, "ask the questions, and I shall try to answer." It was not exactly prudent, for we spent nearly the whole evening that way. It was a relief when Father "N" finally ended the session.

Neighbors had come in. We found room for them and went on talking and eating. How, one might ask, can there be enough to eat in a place where there seem to be no contributions and all are poor? But everyone brings something, and sometimes the ingredients of those quasi-impromptu meals are quite startling. Most of us left around 11 o'clock. Father's day was not yet finished, for people still were coming to see him.

I came out with a sense of deep joy and a feeling of oneness with all who were there. That assembly, that *ecclesia,* that church in the back kitchen, might be called a mission church. But the parish church of which I spoke earlier is also a mission. In any event, the people have ceased identifying Church and bourgeoisie.

Around Father "N" many neighborly communities and activities have started. Here, as in many other places, the communists find themselves outdistanced by the Christians.

Father "N" knows of ten young workmen who want to become priest-workers, but he tells them, "Wait. To be a priest one should be a man first and have suffered the sufferings of men. To be called 'Father' you will have to be that to men. So wait." He says that he is young himself and knows that young enthusiasm does not always last. He probably is also wary of the excessive zeal of new converts. Further, he has a keen sense of the burdens the world puts on the shoulders of the priest. Finally, he knows that the Seminary of the Mission of France is full to overflowing. But the factory workers who yesterday were atheists and today are considering priesthood are big news, because it means they did not meet "a clergyman, but a man of God." And that is what is happening in many places of France.

BACK to the bookstore went a bewildered customer to return a book. "This is Glenn's *Theodicy,*" she explained. "I was supposed to get Homer's."

Mundelein College Review (Summer '48).

Specialist in soliloquy

Barrymore Was HAMLET

By GABRIEL FALLON

Condensed from the *Irish Monthly**

IN LONDON, on a foggy February evening in 1925, an excited, expectant, yet coldly critical audience packs the spacious auditorium of the Theatre Royal, Haymarket. Celebrities are there; many of them are immediately recognizable, John Masefield and Lord Dunsany for instance, Somerset Maugham, the Asquiths; in fact, almost everyone who is anyone in theater, literature or art, the critics, of course, and the ubiquitous George Bernard Shaw.

On the stage, overarched and curtain-flanked, rises an enormous flight of steps, an embodiment of Gothic gloom from the mind of the great designer, Robert Edmond Jones. In a dressing room beyond the last recesses of this dignified setting there are piles of telegrams and a laurel wreath from Madame Melba. Almost imperceptibly a magnetic tremor trickles through the audience. Attention is focused. And there below the dark battlements of Elsinore still another actor has issued the old magnificent challenge; this time it comes forth in the measured musical intonations of the reigning star of the American theater, the great and unforgettable John Barrymore.

Twenty-two years' stage experience lay behind this youngest member of the famous theatrical family. There was father Maurice (actor who boxed his way into the lightweight championship of England), erratic, Bohemian and witty; there was mother, the beautiful Georgina Drew, as witty as her husband and as religious as Maurice was not; and of course, there was always sister Ethel and brother Lionel, both proud (though rather apprehensive) of this young brother Jack, who was both beautiful and erratic, Bohemian and witty, genius-stamped and famous, destined to live out of religion and die in it; and who while stoutly maintaining his atheism always kept a votive lamp burning before an image of the Mother of God.

Sister Vincent, of the convent of Notre Dame, whom he loved ("one of the finest women I ever knew"), the Jesuit Fathers at Georgetown, Washington, D.C. (who expelled him), a life directed towards art and diverted towards the theater—these, his fam-

*35 Lower Leeson St., Dublin, Ireland. May, 1948.

ily, and the world had molded him. As he spoke Shakespeare's lines on that February evening in 1925 he knew that his acting fame in his own country had almost touched its highest peak. *Richard III* and this *Hamlet* which he was now giving them had seen to that. But this was London, the arena of goodness-knows-how-many great Hamlets. And what would London say?

As a city it was not unknown to him. He had lived there, did work of sorts, skylarked, made many friends. He took English lectures at its university, and for a time had been a student at the Slade School of Art. But gradually the theater had marked him as its own, and American audiences watched him work and play his way from the has-something-in-him stage to the blinding floodlights of full recognition. "As one who has seen all the Hamlets in this country the last 25 years, I must report that this new one is the finest of them all." So, Alexander Woollcott. "This is the finest moment in the American theater," wrote the drama critic of the New York *Globe*.

His *Richard III* had been something of a sensation. His brother actor and friend, the Irish Whitford Kane, has described the malevolence of it as "that of a rusty knife twisted in an old wound and fiendishly pulled out." And many years later, at a time when truth and lies, Hollywood and Broadway, three divorces and a fourth marriage, and the wit and antics of an extravagant playboy had added to the loneliness of an erratic genius, Robert Edmond Jones was heard sadly to declare, "There never has been such a great actor at any time, there never has been such shattering beauty in art as there was in John Barrymore's. But this publicity, this cheap sensationalism the newspapers have surrounded him with in the sunset of his life—it's a pity."

But this was London, which, though he knew it well, was not Broadway, which he knew much better. And out there in that dim and crowded auditorium were the blurred and blobby faces of the critics by whose judgment his qualities as an interpreter of their poet's great creation must stand or fall. Very well then, he too loved his Shakespeare; and certainly not less than they did. He had slaved for this Hamlet. He had won for himself a new vocal quality, no ranting nor raving, just a beautiful musical intonation well suited to the quality of the verse. He had been word perfect at his first rehearsal. The Barrymore acting would see to the rest. Why, he had lived Hamlet, thought Hamlet; very well, then he would be Hamlet. Out there, too, was sitting his second wife, Blanche, the mother of baby Diana, the writer "Michael Strange," sitting, too, with her old friend, George Bernard Shaw. Perhaps that mattered. Never mind anyway. He would let them have it.

Angels and ministers of grace defend us!
Be thou a spirit of health or goblin damn'd
Bring with these airs from heaven or
blasts from hell,
Be thy intents wicked or charitable,
Thou com'st in such a questionable shape
That I will speak to thee. . . .

On and on it went to blaze into a tumultuous end, the curtain rising and falling in vociferous acclamation and prolonged applause. With the audience this Hamlet was a triumphant success. The critics were rather more guarded. "Mr. Barrymore's Hamlet draws fewer tears than Forbes-Robertson's," wrote James Agate, "but it is nearer to Shakespeare's whole creation than any other I have seen. In fact, this *is* Hamlet." There was no roaring, no power, except on single words, by sudden gusts; no frenzied unpacking of the heart with lengthy phrases. But it was intellectual, it was near genius.

Ivor Brown held forth in the *Saturday Review:* "His slow approach to the text is reverential. What one sees and hears is a player of high executive talent, addressing himself to a philosophy that is not to be ranted for tempestuous dramatic effects, but hammered out lovingly with the craftsmanship of the contemplative mind. He doesn't allow the rich and sensuous imagery of Hamlet's speech to act as tinder for an emotional bonfire; his mind does not leap from peak to peak of thought; instead he moves from point to point to his conclusions with the honest gravity of a relentless thinker. All through the play runs this spruce Hamlet, gentle and valiant, 'the glass of fashion and the mold of form,' and this figure Mr. Barrymore can very handsomely present."

The Barrymore *Hamlet* ran nine weeks at the Haymarket and the popularity of the actor grew in the running. It mounted with audiences, actors, theater staff, the inquisitive stage cat (which he held in his arms one night for the course of a soliloquy), with everyone who had contact with him. In the course of the run he received a letter. It came from the world-famous genius, one-time drama critic of the *Saturday Review,* the most distinguished first-nighter at the Haymarket, George Bernard Shaw.

The letter attacked Barrymore for cutting the play. "You saved, say, an hour and a half on Shakespeare by the cutting and filled it up with an interpolated drama of your own dumb show. To try this method on Shakespeare is to take on an appalling responsibility and put up a staggering pretension. Shakespeare with all his shortcomings was a very great playwright, and the actor who undertakes to improve his plays undertakes thereby to excel in an extraordinary degree in two professions, in both of which the highest success is rare. My own opinion is, of course, that of an author. I write plays that play for three and a half hours, even with instantaneous changes and one short interval. There is no time for silences and pauses: the actor must play on the line and not between the lines, and must do nine-tenths of the acting with his voice. *Hamlet*—Shakespeare's *Hamlet*—can be done from end to end in four hours that way; and it never flags nor bores. Done in any other way Shakespeare is the worst of bores because he has to be chopped into a mere cold stew. I prefer my way, I wish you would try

it, and concentrate on acting rather than authorship, at which, believe me, Shakespeare can ride your head off. Yours perhaps too candidly, George Bernard Shaw."

It is not on record that John Barrymore told George Bernard Shaw to go to hell, but the actor himself went to Hollywood; whereupon it was immediately bruited abroad that Shaw's adverse criticism had driven him from the stage. The fact is denied by John's biographer. But leave the stage he did, whatever the reason, and proffered his art to celluloid for many a long day. The world has seen the records of that transaction most notably, perhaps, in the Mercutio to which a Hollywood *Romeo and Juliet* became the very insipid background.

The success of that ad-lib-ing comedy *My Dear Children,* which brought him back to Broadway, is proverbial in theater circles. There was a moment in it when standing beneath his portrait as Hamlet he could still silence a house that he had raised to convulsion pitch by his continuous gagging, by the simple magic of speaking a few of the memorable lines.

And then there came that night in the grand ballroom of the Waldorf-Astoria packed with the celebrities of the Four Arts ball when a pale and worn John Barrymore stepped onto the stage. The grayish-green hazel eyes are not as bright as in the spring of 1925. The old gait, slanted and oblique, is still the same, though he looks more forsaken now than ever. What would he give them? Something of the *My Dear Children* gags, the side-splitting ad libs; coarse or low, perhaps, smutty? Not a bit of it. The tired eyes take on another light. The voice rings clear; moves through the vast space gathering power at every word.

O, what a rogue and peasant slave am I.
Is it not monstrous that this player here,
But in a fiction, in a dream of passion. . . .

The great actor is himself again. The words of Robert Edmond Jones are beginning to make themselves felt. "There never has been such a great actor at any time, there never has been such shattering beauty in art, as there was in John Barrymore's." The spell holds as the voice goes on

The spirit that I have seen
May be the devil: and the devil hath power
To assume a pleasing shape; yea, and perhaps
Out of my weakness and my melancholy
As he is very potent with such spirits
Abuses me to damn me. . . .

The soliloquy is ended. There is a reverential silence. And the veteran Irish actor, Dudley Digges, can hardly conceal his tears. It was one of the last tributes paid to a Hamlet that, whatever his faults, had in its texture the warm generous-hearted waywardness of an elusive, child-like genius.

The Sacred Heart Program

By ARTHUR A. BARTH, S.J.

Condensed from *Action Now**

THE Sacred Heart program is now in its 9th year. Electrical transcriptions bring the message of divine love, hope, and peace to millions of listeners in all parts of the world. The Voice of the Apostleship of Prayer is heard over 500 stations in the U.S. and Canada, Vatican City, Australia, China, India, Trinidad, Panama, and Alaska. In more than 1,500 broadcasts a week the appeal of the Sacred Heart for consecration and reparation goes out to the spiritually starved and underprivileged. It breaks down prejudice, builds up understanding, and teaches tolerance. This largest religious broadcast on the air brings Christ into shops, homes, public institutions, prisons, drugstores, dime stores, bus terminals.

Opening with the hymn, *O Sacred Heart, O Love Divine,* the program begins with a thought of confidence and trust based on the union of millions of souls in the state of grace, praying for the Holy Father and for one another, in the Apostleship of Prayer. The narrator then says the Morning Offering and a prayer to the Sacred Heart, against the background of organ, harp, and cello music. The hymn for the day follows. The core of the broadcast is a six-minute doctrinal or devotional talk by one of the staff speakers. Then the Angelus against a symphonic background of the *Ave Maria,* and sign off—14½ jampacked minutes.

The program is famous for its music. Perhaps the most popular group heard on the daily broadcast is the Robert Mitchell Boychoir of movie and radio fame. Metropolitan star Francesco Valentino and radio favorite Jessica Dragonette have transcribed numbers for it as acts of personal devotion. Such soloists as Joseph Tissier, Arthur Burgette, and James Stevison; the Scholastic choir of St. Louis university; the Cathedral Choristers of Toronto, under direction of Dr. John Ronan; the Sacred Heart Quartet; the Fontbonne College Women's Chorus have all contributed.

Each morning in the studios of WEW, St. Louis university station, members of the staff assemble to make the daily transcription. Those are distributed to stations all over the world. From Toronto is directed the servicing of 56 Canadian stations. The present speaking staff is made up of 27 experi-

*3115 S. Grand Blvd., St. Louis, 18, Mo. *June, 1948.*

enced radio speakers, who give the program a quality unique in radio.

They talk about the faith. Hundreds of letters coming each week prove the need of Catholics for simple devotional instruction. According to the broadcast directors, to provide for the need is the best way to promote devotion to the Sacred Heart.

Non-Catholics, too, in every land, nearly 100 million in America alone, are suffering from spiritual starvation. Radio provides the best life line of grace. Some of the general topics, each developed through a series of 12 talks are, "The Sign of the Cross," "I Believe in the Holy Spirit," "The Parables of Christ," "The Content of the Christian's Day," "Lord, Teach Us to Pray," "Why do Catholics . . .?," "Youth and the Faith."

The program conducts a year-round campaign for consecration of families to the Sacred Heart. It distributes tens of thousands of pictures of the Sacred Heart every year. On the Island of Trinidad it has consecrated more than 3,000 homes. As a foe of communism it goes into homes of workers with the Church's doctrine on labor, social justice and dignity of man.

Thousands of sick and shut-ins look forward to the 15 minutes as the bright spot of their day, finding courage to continue their lives with Christ. A Sacred Heart Shut-in club made up of thousands of members unites listeners. Two secretaries maintain constant correspondence with the invalid listeners and organize them into "Pen-Pal clubs," sources of mutual inspiration and help. Twenty-five Veterans Administration hospitals rebroadcast the program from their own local radio rooms.

A prison apostolate now in its 3rd year of operation includes 11 federal and state penitentiaries. Most interesting of all letters received at the central office are from inmates of such institutions. A testimonial of gratitude signed by 157 prisoners was sent to Father Matthew Hale at the Boston office on the feast of the Sacred Heart, 1947. The spirit of this document is found in this statement.

"The Sacred Heart program broadcast throughout our institution each evening overcomes material barriers of bondage and fulfills the injunction of Christ, 'I was in prison, and you came to me.' We go clearly on record as saying that this broadcast brings us closer to the forgiving heart of the Crucified."

At San Quentin in California, at Joliet in Illinois, at Lansing in Michigan, and at Dannemora in New York listeners in prison all say the same thing, "Those 15 minutes stand out as the best part of our evening radio diversion. Please keep up this much-needed service."

Human interest runs high in all communication between listeners and the program office. The response of non-Catholics astonishes the directors. It is estimated that in some localities the listening audience is one-fifth non-Catholic.

A follow-up on all inquiries is secured by the free distribution of a home-

study service in the Catholic faith. Enrollments for the instructions are increasing daily. They come from all parts of the world.

Immediate goal of the Sacred Heart program is 1,000 outlets. It has a challenging mission wherever English is spoken. Monsignor Meany, manager of radio station 2SM in Sydney, Australia, writes, "The Sacred Heart program is an answer to our many prayers. It enjoys a splendid popularity here in this teeming metropolis. We broadcast it at high noon daily. What an impact these simple talks have! The good achieved is tremendous."

From Shanghai, Father James Kearney, S.M., reports, "Our daily listening audience here on Shanghai's largest commercial station embraces thousands of intellectual Chinese and non-Catholics of all affiliations. The success of this devotional program amazes us missionaries."

Of course, the ace of all foreign outlets is the Holy Father's own station, Vatican Radio in Vatican City. Here again the response from all over Europe is most encouraging.

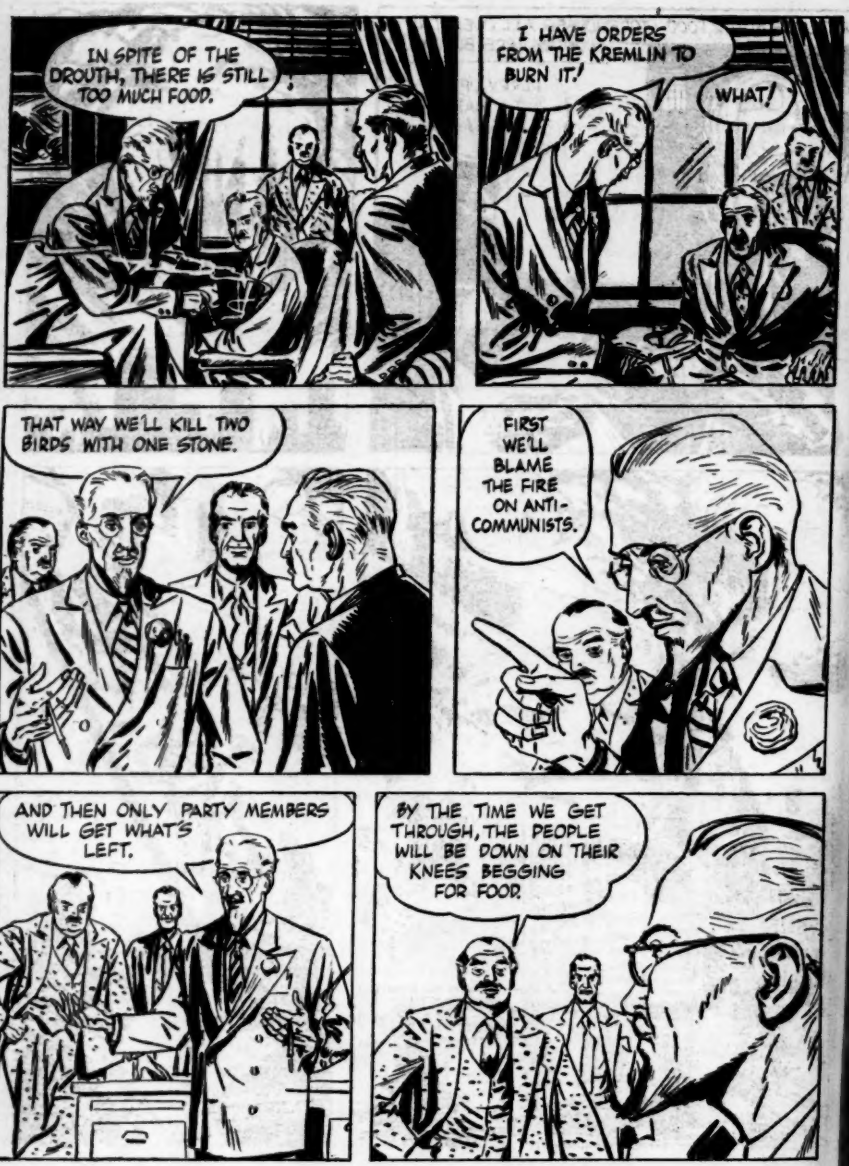
The Sacred Heart program has been called the world's largest cooperative. All radio time is donated by sponsors. If the time were bought, it would cost $800,000 a year. The vast volume of mail and pamphlet shipments is handled by 176 volunteer workers, grouped in the St. Louis, Boston, and Toronto offices. The priest speakers give lavishly of their time and ability, and pastors, heads of Catholic schools and institutions, and organizations such as the Knights of Columbus, the Catholic Daughters of America, and the Daughters of Isabella wholeheartedly support the radio apostolate. Inspired by such splendid cooperation, the program's directors envision a literal realization of the ideal of the Apostleship of Prayer, "The world for the Sacred Heart, and the Sacred Heart for the world."

Is This Tomorrow

If Americans are to combat the menace of communism, they must know about communism. Therefore, THE CATHOLIC DIGEST last month printed the first of three installments of *Is This Tomorrow*,* the picture story in comic-book form of communism in action, distribution of which the communists have striven mightily to hamper. It shows dramatically how the communists could, while praising democracy, destroy it, take over the U. S., and set a dictator up over us. In the first installment, the communists take advantage of a drought to accentuate a food shortage, spread propaganda, precipitate race and class conflicts, foment strikes. Assassination of the president and vice president of the U. S. brings the communist Cline to supreme power. The second installment follows.

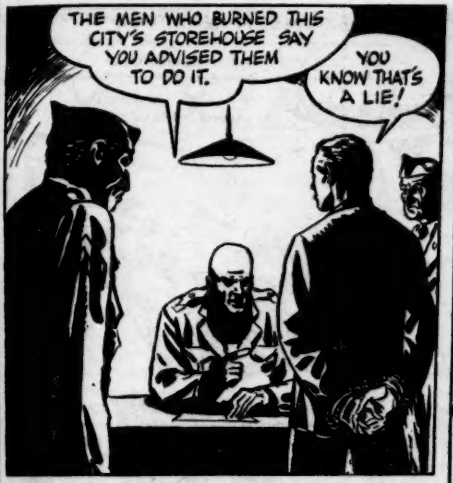
*Published by the Catechetical Guild, 147 E. 5th St., St. Paul, Minn., which also publishes *Topix*, twice a month, as an antidote to harmful comics.


THE NEXT STEP.
DAILY TIMES
CLINE ACTS TO BEAT STARVATION
PRESIDENT ADDRESSES JOINT SESSION
CALLS SPECIAL CABINET MEETING
THE GOVERNMENT HAS TAKEN OVER THE DISTRIBUTION OF FOOD.
YEAH, CLINE SAYS HE WANTS TO KEEP PRICES DOWN.
AMERICA COLLECTED ITS REMAINING FOOD FOR THE GOVERNMENT.


IN SPITE OF THE DROUTH, THERE IS STILL TOO MUCH FOOD.
I HAVE ORDERS FROM THE KREMLIN TO BURN IT!
WHAT!
THAT WAY WE'LL KILL TWO BIRDS WITH ONE STONE.
FIRST WE'LL BLAME THE FIRE ON ANTI-COMMUNISTS.
AND THEN ONLY PARTY MEMBERS WILL GET WHAT'S LEFT.
BY THE TIME WE GET THROUGH, THE PEOPLE WILL BE DOWN ON THEIR KNEES BEGGING FOR FOOD.


NOT LONG AFTER, FOOD STOREHOUSES ALL OVER THE COUNTRY, WERE BLOWN UP.
HURRY UP WITH THAT FUSE!
NO USE, THE THING'S GONE TOO FAR.


REMAINING STOREHOUSES WERE PUT UNDER HEAVY GUARD----
WAREHOUSE No. 2
THE PRESIDENT CALLS IN REPORTERS.
THE FASCISTS WHO BURNED OUR FOOD SHALL BE PUNISHED IMMEDIATELY!
PERSONS KNOWN TO BE ANTI-COMMUNIST WERE ARRESTED BY THE HUNDRED.
COME WITH ME, JUDGE MARTIN.
COME ALONG, BUDDY.
WHAT'S THE CHARGE?
PLOTTING AGAINST THE STATE!
YOU'RE UNDER ARREST!


THE MEN WHO BURNED THIS CITY'S STOREHOUSE SAY YOU ADVISED THEM TO DO IT.
YOU KNOW THAT'S A LIE!

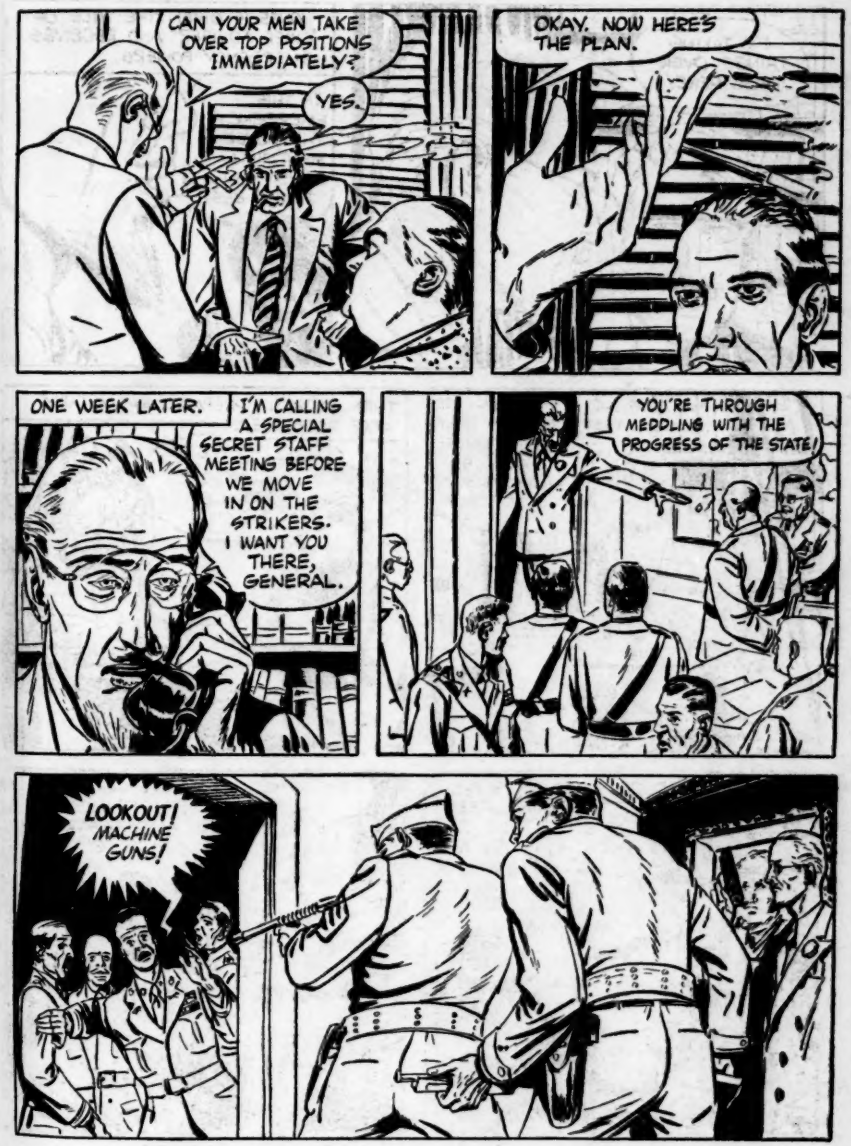

CLOSED
NO FOOD


HUNGRY PEOPLE FIGHT FOR FOOD ALL OVER THE NATION.
I GOT IT!


PRESIDENT CLINE GETS FEARFUL -
YOU FOOLS! THE PEOPLE WILL KILL US FOR THIS!


YOU'RE THE FOOL. YOU GOT INTO THIS GAME. NOW YOU'LL PLAY IT OUT!


I'M TAKING THINGS OVER FROM HERE!
JONES IS GIVEN THE TITLE OF "CHIEF ADVISER" AND RECEIVES EMERGENCY POWERS.
IN THIS EMERGENCY, THE GOVERNMENT WILL RATION AS IT THINKS BEST.
AS CHIEF ADVISOR, I WILL SEE THAT FOOD GOES ONLY TO THOSE WHOSE LOYALTY IS ABOVE QUESTION.
THEN SECRETLY PREPARED RATION CARDS WERE DISTRIBUTED.
NOPE, MR. GREEN. NO CARD FOR YOU. YOU'RE MUCH TOO OLD TO PRODUCE FOR THE STATE.
NO CARD. NO FOOD.
BUT MY WIFE! WE'LL STARVE!
I'M SORRY, MR. GREEN. IF I GAVE FOOD TO YOU THEY WOULD TAKE MY OWN CARD AWAY.
THE ARMED FORCES ARE CRITICIZING ME FOR NOT LETTING THE SOLDIERS HANDLE STRIKES.
I'M SETTLING WITH THEM RIGHT AWAY.


CAN YOUR MEN TAKE OVER TOP POSITIONS IMMEDIATELY?
YES.
OKAY. NOW HERE'S THE PLAN.
ONE WEEK LATER.
I'M CALLING A SPECIAL SECRET STAFF MEETING BEFORE WE MOVE IN ON THE STRIKERS. I WANT YOU THERE, GENERAL.
YOU'RE THROUGH MEDDLING WITH THE PROGRESS OF THE STATE!
LOOKOUT! MACHINE GUNS!


NOW REPLACE THESE OFFICERS WITH OUR OWN MEN.
GET RID OF THOSE BODIES TONIGHT, COMRADES.


CONGRESS BEGINS TO WORRY
I CALL FOR AN IMMEDIATE REPORT FROM JONES.
DO SOMETHING QUICK! CONGRESS IS DEMANDING A REPORT!
I THOUGHT OF THAT LONG AGO. I'LL TAKE CARE OF CONGRESS.
HE CAN'T DO THAT! THIS IS A DEMOCRACY!
THERE WILL BE NO INVESTIGATION. THERE IS NO TIME TO WASTE ON SUCH FOOLISHNESS.
PREPOSTEROUS!


AS I SAID, GENTLEMEN, THERE WILL BE NO INVESTIGATION.
LET THIS BE A WARNING TO ALL OF YOU. I DON'T NEED CONGRESS AT ALL.
RELIGIOUS PRESS
JONES SETS UP DICTATORSHIP
INDEPENDENT GAZETTE
JONES A TRAITOR
SEE THAT THOSE NEWSPAPERS GET NO NEWS PRINT UNTIL THEY CHANGE THEIR POLICY.
BUSINESS TRIED TO FIGHT BACK.
GOVERNMENT REGULATIONS ARE DRIVING US OUT OF BUSINESS. WE HAVE TO GET THE CHAMBER OF COMMERCE TO ACT FAST.
BUT TOO LATE.
WHAT CAN WE DO NOW? SMITH HAS DISSOLVED ALL BUSINESS ORGANIZATIONS. HE SAYS THEY'RE SUBVERSIVE!


I TELL YOU JONES HAS SET UP A COMMUNIST DICTATORSHIP!
THE PEOPLE ARE BEING FOOLED!!!
NEXT DAY----
WHOEVER THREW THE BOMB EVIDENTLY DOESNT LIKE YOUR UNPATRIOTIC SERMONS.
YOU KNOW THE COMMUNISTS DID IT! BUT YOU CAN'T STOP ME! I'LL KEEP TELLING THE TRUTH ABOUT THE GOVERNMENT.


OKAY, THAT'S THE GUY.
GET IN THAT CAR, AND NOT A PEEP OUTA YAH—
TAKE THE SIDE ROAD, JOE.
WHEN WILL THESE MINISTERS EVER LEARN TO KEEP THEIR TRAPS SHUT.


BROWN TOOK OVER CONTROL OF THE NEWS.
THIS STORY IS AN INSULT TO RUSSIA! KILL IT!
PRESS ASSOCIATIONS GOT THEIR ORDERS QUICKLY.
YOU GUYS AREN'T GOING TO DO ANY MORE GUESSING ABOUT POLITICS. FROM NOW ON YOU SEND OUT THE NEWS THE GOVERNMENT GIVES YOU, SEE?
THE TELEPHONE SYSTEM WAS NATIONALIZED.
BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM
KEEP OUT-GOVERNMENT PROPERTY
SORRY, SIR, NO OVERSEAS CALLS ARE ALLOWED WITHOUT OFFICIAL APPROVAL.
THIS LATEST ORDER FROM THE GOVERNMENT STOPS ALL FOREIGN RADIO RECEPTION IMMEDIATELY!


NOT MUCH WE CAN DO ABOUT IT EITHER, NOW THAT THE GOVERNMENT HAS NATIONALIZED THE WHOLE RADIO INDUSTRY.
NEW PROFESSORS TAUGHT COMMUNISM IN THE SCHOOLS.
I DEFY ANYONE TO PROVE THAT THERE IS SUCH A THING AS A GOD!
CAPITALISTS INVENTED GOD TO KEEP THE WORKERS SATISFIED. YOU CAN'T GET ANYWHERE AS LONG AS YOU BELIEVE THAT PIE-IN-THE-SKY STORY.
EVEN IN THE GRADE SCHOOLS...
REMEMBER! YOU ARE SUPPOSED TO OBEY THE STATE, NOT YOUR PARENTS.
THE STUDENTS AT STATE UNIVERSITY ARE HOLDING MASS MEETINGS AGAINST US. THEY WANT YOU OUSTED. A LOT OF THE FACULTY MEMBERS ARE BACKING THEM UP, TOO.
U.S.S.R.


I THINK IT'S ABOUT TIME TO NATIONALIZE THE UNIVERSITIES.
PAUL GARDINER DEAN OF STUDIES STATE UNIVERSITY
NO TIME TO WASTE. I AM HERE TO TALK ABOUT YOUR FACULTY.
THESE SIX MEN WILL STAY. THE REST OF THE PROFESSORS WILL LEAVE IMMEDIATELY.
WHY, THIS IS UNHEARD OF!
I WILL SPEAK TO THE STUDENT BODY AT 3 O'CLOCK IN THE STADIUM.
THIS IS AN OUTRAGE. YOU WON'T GET AWAY WITH IT!


SOME PEOPLE NEVER LEARN.
WE HAVE NEW BOOKS AND NEW TEACHERS FOR YOU. YOU WILL NOT HAVE TO LISTEN TO LIES ANY LONGER!
WE WILL NOW BURN THE OLD BOOKS!
AND HERE GOES THE GREATEST TRASH EVER WRITTEN - THE BIBLE!
SUDDENLY..
LOOK OUT! HE'S GOT A GUN!
TO BE CONTINUED

(*Continued from outside back cover*)

Brooklyn, N.Y.

CONGRATULATIONS for that fine publication, the CATHOLIC DIGEST! Now I have something to balance those articles in secular magazines that sometimes don't add up to right thinking. The CATHOLIC DIGEST is a modern crusader in the literary world. Be assured that my reading will never be complete until I've read this magazine which, though new to me, has risen to the top of my "must read" list.

Books of Current Interest

[*Any of which can be ordered through us. If you wish to order direct from publisher, addresses given are adequate.*]

Boylan, Eugene. THE MYSTICAL BODY, *the Foundation of the Spiritual Life. Westminster, Md.: Newman Bookshop. 130 pp. $1.75, cloth; 90¢, paper.* Straightforward, clear explanation of the living union, next to identity, between Christ and Christians. Expands St. Paul's favorite metaphor of the Head (Christ) and the members (men). The starting point for all that can be tried or gained in a worthy life.

Farren, Robert. HOW TO ENJOY POETRY. *New York: Sheed & Ward. 288 pp. $3.* Jolly, keen dissection of the oldest literary art; shows its elements; how each evokes a pleasurable response in ourselves. Many full-length poems included.

Guardini, Romano. THE DEATH OF SOCRATES; *an Interpretation of the Platonic Dialogues—Euthyphro, Apology, Crito and Phaedo. New York: Sheed & Ward. 177 pp. $3.* The love of truth and confidence in the soul's unending life which made the western world's first great philosopher accept cheerfully his undeserved death. Running commentary incorporates text of four dialogues.

Lane, Ferdinand C. THE WORLD'S GREAT LAKES. *Garden City: Doubleday. 254 pp., maps. $3.50.* Unusual travel book that concentrates on the inland water areas of all the continents. Introductory chapters on the geologic formation of lake basins and the sources of their water. Forty-two lakes of 1,500 or more square miles each are described.

Parente, Pascal P. THE WELL OF LIVING WATERS; *Excerpts on Spiritual Topics from the Bible, the Fathers, and the Masters of the Spirit. St. Louis: Herder. 335 pp. $3.50.* Selections from 1st to 20th-century Catholic authors which parallel and explain Holy Scripture's directions for Christian life. Remarkable evidence of a consistent tradition going back to the Apostles.

Perrin, Henri. PRIEST-WORKMAN IN GERMANY; *Translated by Rosemary Sheed. New York: Sheed & Ward. 230 pp. $2.50.* French priest makes his first real acquaintance with de-Christianized working people of his own country while operating a lathe with them in a German war factory or in sharing relief boxes and hunger in nazi jails. Book-of-the-year for Catholic Actionists.

Thomas à Kempis. THE IMITATION OF MARY; *Selected and edited by Albin de Cigala. Westminster, Md.: Newman Press.* Short chapters from other works by author of the *Imitation of Christ* which show his mind and feeling toward Mary. Refreshing spiritual book.

Four Countries and Brooklyn

Trichinopoly, South India

You will be astonished to see this letter from me, as I am not a Catholic. Recently I came across the CATHOLIC DIGEST for the first time. I went through every article, and found it a fine magazine, serving the good cause of humanity. Splendid, wonderful, magnificent. I am sorry that I have no more adjectives. Since first seeing the DIGEST I have read every available issue. I have introduced it to many of my friends, and they have all shared my opinion.

Hess, Germany

A NEW German edition of your magazine is now published here. I sincerely admire the vivid, varied manner in which the articles are presented. It is making a noteworthy contribution to world understanding, without which no real peace can long endure. No other newspaper or magazine would I miss so much as the CATHOLIC DIGEST; I wish much success and a long life to it.

Shanghai, China

LAST Sunday the weather was cold and the sun was hiding. But towards noon, when the postman came with a parcel from the States, a ray of sunshine came with him when we saw that he was bringing the CATHOLIC DIGEST. In every issue there are articles of lasting interest to be read and re-read.

Graz, Austria

DURING my stay in the U. S. I learned to know and appreciate your fine, instructive magazine, the CATHOLIC DIGEST. Since returning to my home country, Austria, I miss this magazine very much. As director of a boarding home for boys in Graz, I would find the wide range of its well-chosen articles of great personal interest, and at the same time of great benefit to the boys. It would provide them with a very important educational element, a nationally different yet Catholic point of view.

(*Continued on inside back cover*)